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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memorial de Sainte Hélène. Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at Saint Helena. By the Count de Las Cases. Vol. II. Paris 3d and 4th. 2 vols. 8vo. London 1823. H. Colburn & Co.

From the multitude of Buonaparteian publications with which the press at present teems, it may be useful to restate that this is a continuation of the work of Las Cases, descriptive of the personal life and dicta of Napoleon in his exile, and distinct from the more military and historical volumes of Bertrand and Montholon. As the first volume consisted of two octavos, called *Paris*, so does this sequel. As a mélange containing bits of every thing, and hardly discussing any thing, these partake entirely of the character of their precursors; but having been given to the world only on Thursday, it cannot be expected from our diligence to do more than exemplify their various contents, without analysing the authenticity of their assertions, or, by the process of comparison, showing their probabilities or contradictions. Suffice it to say, that they have much to amuse curiosity, and provoke discussion. Their political credit we leave to political reviews: their pecuniary interest, as relating to a most extraordinary man, we shall now make it our business to illustrate, as far as our information and limits admit. The narrative embraces the first three months' residence at Longwood, viz. April, May, and June; and some of the minute details may be considered ludicrous, or filthy, according to the fancy, feeling, or, perhaps, the nation of those who peruse them. After shaving,

"The Emperor then washes his face, and very frequently his head, in a large silver basin, which is fixed in a corner of the room, and which was brought from the Elysée. The Emperor is very lusty; his skin is white, with but few hairs; and he has a certain *embonpoint* which does not belong to the male sex, and to which he sometimes jokingly alludes. He rubs his chest and arms with a tolerably hard brush. He afterwards gives the brush to his valet de chambre, who rubs his back and shoulders, and when in good humour he often says, 'Come, brush hard—as hard as if you were scrubbing an ass.'"

"After he has had his back rubbed, or after he has finished shaving each side of his beard, he sometimes good-humouredly looks his valet in the face for a few seconds, and then gives him a smart box on the ear, accompanied by some jocular expressions. This has been construed by libelists and pamphleteers into the habit of cruelly beating those who were about him. We all in our turns, occasionally received a pinch or a box on the ear; but from the expressions which always accompanied the action, we thought ourselves very happy in receiving such favours during the period of his power."

This seems a little à la *Portsmouth*, but situation changes matters vastly! We have many

more remarks on his quondam friends and ministers here put into the mouth of Napoleon, from which we select a few.

"The Emperor next spoke of his own Ministers; of Bassano, whom he believed to have been sincerely attached to him; Clarke, to whose character Time, he said, would do ample justice; C..... whom late events had shown to have been worth but little. The Emperor had successively appointed him Ambassador to Vienna, Minister of the interior, and Minister for foreign affairs. Talleyrand, observed the Emperor, described his character in a word, when he said of him, with his usual point and ill-natured spirit, that he was a man who could make himself fit for any place on the eve of his appointment to it."

"The following are some fresh particulars respecting M. de T..... (Talleyrand) and M. Fouché, whose names have so frequently been mentioned. I endeavour as much as possible to avoid repetitions.

"M. de T..... said the Emperor, 'waited two days and nights at Vienna for full powers to treat for peace in my name; but I should have been ashamed to have thus prostituted my policy; and yet, perhaps, my conduct in this instance has purchased my exile to St. Helena; for I cannot but allow that T..... is a man of singular talent, and capable, at all times of throwing great weight into the scale.'

"T..... continued he, 'was always in a state of treason; but it was in participation with fortune. His circumspection was extreme; he treated his friends as if they might in future become his enemies; and he behaved to his enemies as if they might some time or other become his friends. M. de T..... had always been, in my opinion, hostile to the *Fahbourg St. Germain*. In the affair of the divorce, he was for the Empress Josephine. It was he who urged the war with Spain, though in public he had the art to appear averse to it.' Thus it was from a kind of spite that Napoleon made choice of Valency as the residence of Ferdinand. 'In short,' said the Emperor, 'T..... was the principal instrument and the active cause of the death of the Duke d'Enghien.'

"Napoleon observed, that a celebrated actress (Mademoiselle Rancourt) had described him with great truth. 'If you ask him a question, said she, he is an iron chest, whence you cannot extract a syllable; but if you ask him nothing, you will soon be unable to stop his mouth—he will become a regular gossip.'

"T.....'s countenance,' added the Emperor, 'is so immovable, that nothing can ever be read in it. Launes and Murat used jokingly to say of him that, if while he was speaking to you some one should come behind him and give him a kick, his countenance would betray no indication of the affront.'

The first appearance of Sir Hudson Lowe is described in a way widely different from

O'Meara's relation: in short, at that period the Admiral is represented as the object of hatred to Napoleon and his followers, and accused of every thing base, oppressive, and cruel. The introduction of Sir H. Lowe displays very little to their credit the character of the Court of Longwood.

"In about half an hour, the Emperor entered the drawing-room. The valet de chambre on duty, who was stationed at the door within the apartment, then summoned the Governor, and he was introduced. The Admiral was following close behind him. The valet, who had heard only the Governor's name mentioned, suddenly closed the door without admitting the Admiral, who was shut out in spite of his remonstrance; and he withdrew quite disconcerted into the recess of one of the windows. The valet de chambre who was the cause of this affront, was Noverraz, a Swiss, a good and faithful servant, of whom the Emperor frequently said, that his whole understanding was absorbed in his attachment to his master.

"We were astonished at this unexpected occurrence; and we at first concluded that Noverraz had acted in obedience to the Emperor's wishes. Though we had ample reason to complain of the Admiral, yet we did all in our power to relieve him from his embarrassment; his awkward situation distressed us. Meanwhile, the Governor's staff was summoned and introduced; and this circumstance served only to increase the Admiral's confusion. In about a quarter of an hour the Emperor took leave of his visitors. The Governor came out of the drawing-room, and the Admiral eagerly advanced to meet him. They said a few words to each other with some degree of warmth, then took leave of us and departed.

"We joined the Emperor in the garden, and our conversation turned on the Admiral's discomfiture. The Emperor knew nothing of the matter. The whole circumstance was solely the effect of chance. The Emperor declared himself delighted with the joke. He burst into a fit of laughter, rubbed his hands, and exhibited the joy of a child, of a school-boy who had successfully played off a trick on his master. 'Ah! my good Noverraz,' said he, 'you have done a clever thing for once in your life. He had heard me say that I would not see the Admiral again, and he thought he was bound to shut the door in his face. But this honest Swiss may perhaps carry the joke too far: if I were unfortunately to say, we must get rid of the Governor, he would be for assassinating him before my eyes.'

"Some one jokingly observed, that the two first days of the Governor's arrival had been like days of battle, and were calculated to make us appear very untractable, though we were naturally most patient and accommodating. At these last words the Emperor smiled, and pinched the ear of the individual who made the remark."

Speaking of the Russian war, we have the following:

"On another occasion, the Emperor said, 'I might have shared with Russia the possession of the Turkish empire. We had often more than once contemplated the idea, but Constantinople was always the obstacle that opposed its execution. The Turkish capital was the grand stumbling-block between us, Russia wanted it, and I could not resign it. Constantinople is an empire of itself. It is the real keystone of power; for he who possesses it may rule the world.'

Respecting the story of his becoming a Mahometan in Egypt, Las Cases' testimony places his Master in the light of an unprincipled scoffer at all religions:

"After all," continued he, gaily, "it would not have been so very extraordinary, even though circumstances had induced me to embrace Islamism; and, as a good Queen of France once said, 'You will tell me as much!'

..... But I must have had good reasons for my conversion. I must have been secure of advancing as far as the Euphrates, at least. Change of religion for private interest is inexcusable; but it may be pardoned in consideration of immense political results."

Of his generals, Napoleon is represented as speaking as freely as of his courtiers:

"Desaix was surmised by the Arabs the *Just Sultan*; at the funeral of Marceau, the Austrians observed an armistice, on account of the respect they entertained for him; and young Duphot was the emblem of perfect virtue."

"But the same commendations cannot be bestowed on those who were farther advanced in life; for they belonged in some measure to the era that had just passed away. Massena, Augereau, Brune, and many others, were merely intrepid depredators. Massena was, moreover, distinguished for the most sordid avarice. It was asserted, that I played him a trick which might have proved a hanging matter; that being one day indignant at his depredations, I drew on his banker for 2 or 3,000,000. Great embarrassment ensued; for my name was not without its due weight. The banker wrote to intimate that he could not pay the sum without the authority of Massena. On the other hand, he was urged to pay it without hesitation, as Massena, if he were wronged, could appeal to the courts of law for justice. Massena however resorted to no legal steps, and consoling himself as well as he could for the payment of the money."

"O..... [Oudinot] Murat, and Ney, were common-place kind of Generals, having no recommendation, save personal courage."

"Money was an honest man; Macdonald was distinguished for firm loyalty; I was deceived with respect to the character of B....."

"S..... [Suchet] also had his faults as well as his merits. The whole of his campaign of the south of France was admirably conducted. It will scarcely be credited that this man, whose deportment and manners denoted a lofty character, was the slave of his wife. When I learned at Dresden our defeat at Vittoria, and the loss of all Spain through the mismanagement of poor Joseph, whose plans and measures were not suited to the present age, and seemed rather to belong to a Soubise than to me, I looked about for some one capable of repairing these disasters, and I cast my eyes on S..... who was near me. He said he was ready to undertake what I wished; but entreated that I would speak to

his wife, by whom, he said, he expected to be reproached. I desired him to send her to me. She assumed an air of hostility, and decidedly told me that her husband should certainly not return to Spain; that he had already performed important services, and was now entitled to a little repose. 'Madam,' said I to her, 'I did not send for you with the view of enduring your scolding. I am not your husband; and if I were I should not be the more inclined to hear with you.' These few words confounded her; she became as pliant as a glove, turned quite obsequious, and was only eager to obtain a few conditions. To these, however, I by no means acceded, and merely contented myself with congratulating her on her willingness to listen to reason. In critical circumstances, Madam, said I, it is a wife's duty to endeavour to smooth difficulties; go home to your husband, and do not torment him by your opposition."

The way in which M. Las Cases mixes up old and new affairs, Buonaparte's statements and the doings at Longwood, is extremely perplexing and inconvenient: the want of continuity in the subjects, and the fits and starts by which every thing appears and disappears, confuses the reader woefully. The annexed miscellanies, however unconnected, are quite as much united as in the work whence they are taken—

"The Emperor said, he had been much hurt at the conduct of M. de Labouillerie, who being at Orleans in 1814, in charge of several millions belonging to him (Napoleon,) his own private property, had taken them to the Count d'Artois in Paris instead of carrying them to Fontainebleau, as he was in duty and in conscience bound to do. 'And yet Labouillerie was not a bad man,' said the Emperor, 'I had both loved him and esteemed him. On my return in 1815 he earnestly entreated me to see him and hear what he had to say in his own defence; he no doubt would have proved that his fault arose from his ignorance, and not from his heart. He knew me; he was aware that if he could approach me, the affair would be settled with a few angry expressions on my part; but I also knew my own weakness, I was resolved not to take him into my service again, and therefore refused to admit him. It was the only way in which I could hope at that moment to hold out against him and several others. Esteve, the predecessor of Labouillerie, would not have acted in that manner; he was entirely devoted to my person; he would have brought my treasure to Fontainebleau at all hazards; or if he had failed in the endeavour, he would have thrown it into a river, or distributed it in various places, rather than give it up.'"

The eldest son of Montholon, seven or eight years old, named Tristan, was, it is said, very idle—

"He confessed to the Emperor that he did not work every day. 'Do you not eat every day?' said the Emperor to him, 'Yes, Sir.' 'Well, then, you ought to work every day; no one should eat who does not work.' 'Oh! if that be the case, I will work every day,' said the child, quickly. 'Such is the influence of the belly,' said the Emperor, tapping that of little Tristan. 'It is hunger that makes the world move. Come, my little man, if you are a good boy, we'll make a Page of you.' 'But I won't be one,' said Tristan, pouting and looking angry. . . ."

"Saturday 13th.—The conversation again fell upon Junot. Of the considerable for-

tunes which the Emperor had bestowed, that of Junot, he said, was one of the most extravagant. The sums he had given him almost exceeded belief, and yet he was always in debt; he had squandered treasures without credit to himself, without discernment or taste, and, too frequently, the Emperor added, in gross debauchery. . . ."

"Junot in the campaign of Russia gave me great cause of dissatisfaction," said the Emperor; 'he was no longer the same man, and committed some great errors, which cost us dear.'

"After the return from Moscow, Junot, in consequence of the dissatisfaction he had given, lost the governorship of Paris; and the Emperor sent him to Venice. However, that species of disgrace was almost immediately softened, by his appointment as governor-general of Illyria; but the blow was struck. The frequent incoherences which had been observed in Junot's behaviour for some time past, and which had arisen from the excesses in which he had indulged, broke out at last into complete insanity. They were obliged to seize him, and convey him home to his paternal mansion, where he died miserably shortly after, having mutilated his person with his own hands. . . ."

"Sunday 14th.—During the dinner, speaking of dress, it was said that amongst the number of great personages of that time, none had carried the *ridicule* in that point further than Murat; and yet, some one observed, his dress was for the most part so singular and fantastic that the public called him king *Francini*."

"The Emperor laughed very heartily, and confessed that certain costumes and manners sometimes gave to Murat the appearance of a quack operator or a mountebank. It was added, that Bernadotte also took infinite pains with his dress, and that Lannes bestowed much time upon his."

• Director of a theatre at Paris, similar to Astley's here. [To be continued.]

History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, by Frederick Bouterwek. Translated from the German, by Thomasina Ross. 2 vols. 8vo. London 1823. Boosey & Sons.

How pleasant it is to turn from the politics of Spain and Portugal, as the details crowd the Newspapers, and contemplate their literature! Instead of the revivings of factions, to look at the rivalry of bards: for base passions convulsing a people with all the horrors of anarchy, to ponder on the noble sentiments of genius which elevate and refine; and for all the miseries of real life to substitute the delightful fictions of the closet and the study. For the power to do this in a well written English work, the public is indebted to Miss Ross, whose translation of Bouterwek's valuable History does infinite credit to her taste and talents.

We took occasion, only three weeks ago, in reviewing Mr. Lockhart's Spanish Ballads (as well as upon former opportunities,) to express our opinion of the riches yet to be explored in Hispian literature; and we cannot therefore but rejoice at seeing so important a work as the present brought forward, to indicate and aid the necessary researches. Heretofore we have had nothing in England but partial and unconnected incursions upon these grounds; and yet it is hardly possible to instance any other where a comprehensive view was likely to be more delightfully rewarded.

The volumes now published "on the literature of Spain and Portugal are extracted from a work, entitled, *Geschichte der Poesie und Prosa seit dem Ende der dreizehnten Jahrhunderts*, (History of Poetry and Eloquence from the close of the thirteenth Century,) in which M. Bouterwek has taken an historical and critical survey of the literature of the principal nations of Europe. The work consists of twelve volumes, published at different periods at Göttingen; the first volume having appeared in 1805, and the last, which contains an index to the whole, in 1819. The two volumes now translated are the third and fourth of the German original."

The first volume (which has also been rendered into French) embraces the Spanish portion of the subject; the second and most novel is devoted to the Belles Lettres of Portugal. Miss Ross mentions, in her very modest Preface, that she "at first intended to give literal versions of all the specimens extracted from Spanish and Portuguese authors; but had she persisted in this plan, the translation could not have been completed without augmenting the price of the publication much beyond the rate to which the publishers were of opinion it ought to be limited. To have omitted a part of the extracts in order to give translations of the rest, would have been still more improper, for the extracts quoted in the notes are all necessary to the illustration of the text; and besides such a mutilation would have deprived the work of a merit which has just been pointed out, namely, that of supplying sufficient materials for a comprehensive study of the literature of Spain and Portugal. The translator has it, however, in contemplation, to prepare for the press a volume containing translations of the specimens given by M. Bouterwek, and of some other pieces from the Spanish and Portuguese languages. This volume will not form a mere appendix to the volumes now published; an endeavour will be made to render it useful and entertaining as a separate work."

But the omission of these translations is, in our judgment, a grand defect in the present work; and till the Appendix appears, it cannot be considered otherwise than as an incomplete book for all readers not conversant with the Spanish and Portuguese languages. As these languages are not widely cultivated, a great majority of persons desirous of information on the subject, must remain contented with the very imperfect knowledge which can be gathered from statements and reasoning with unintelligible illustration.

Intending to limit our observations to the Portuguese volume, we shall very cursorily glance at the general view.

"It happened, singularly enough, that about the beginning of the thirteenth century, the three principal idioms which were spoken from the coast of the Atlantic to the Pyrenees, and from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, were represented by three kingdoms perfectly independent of each other. The Castilian prevailed exclusively only in the Castiles and Leon, the latter of which was permanently united to the former in the year 1230. The Portuguese was spoken both by the court and the people of Portugal. In the kingdom of Arragon, the language in general use was the Catalanian, a dialect nearly the same as the Provençal or Limosin of the south of France, but differing greatly both from the Castilian and the Portuguese. This language also extended to the little kingdom

of Navarre, but it was there spoken only by the nobles, who were of French or Hispano-Gothic origin. The great body of the population in Navarre spoke the ancient Cantabrian, called Baskian, Vaskian, or Biscayan, and which still exists in the Pyrenees and in the Spanish province of Biscay. . . .

"The mutilated Latin spoken along the Mediterranean on the Spanish shore, from the Pyrenees as far as Murcia, appears to have resolved itself, before the period of the Arabian invasion, into the same language which extended eastward from the Pyrenees through the whole of the south of France to the Italian frontiers, and which, according to the most remarkable of its provincial forms, was called the Catalanian, the Valencian, the Limosin, and the Provençal. Of all the tongues spoken in modern Europe, this language of the coasts was the first cultivated. In it the Troubadours sang, and their lays had all the same character, whether addressed to the Italians, the French, or the Spaniards. From Catalonia it probably spread itself along the chain of the Pyrenees. The kingdom of Arragon became, after the restoration of the Spanish romance in that quarter, its second country; for there both it and the poetry of the Troubadours were particularly favoured by the princes and the nobles. But at the very period of the decline of this poetry, the kingdom of Arragon was united to the Castilian dominions. Another kind of poetry, in the Castilian language, then obtained encouragement, and the seat of the government of the united kingdoms was permanently fixed in Castile. . . .

This language in the 16th century had entirely superseded the ancient dialect of the troubadours, and become the reigning language of the whole Spanish monarchy. On the other hand,

"The romance, out of which the present Portuguese language has grown, was probably spoken along the coast of the Atlantic long before a kingdom of Portugal was founded. Though far more nearly allied to the Castilian dialect than to the Catalanian, it resembles the latter in the remarkable abbreviation of words, both in the grammatical structure and in the pronunciation. At the same time it is strikingly distinguished from the Castilian by the total rejection of the guttural, by the great abundance of its hissing sounds, and by a nasal pronunciation common to no people in Europe except the French and the Portuguese. In the Spanish province of Galicia, only politically separated from Portugal, this dialect, known under the name of *Lingua Gallega*, is still as indigenous as in Portugal itself, and was at an early period so highly esteemed, that Alphonso x. king of Castile, surnamed the Wise, (*El Sabio*), composed verses in it. But the Galician modification of this dialect of the western shores of the Peninsula has sunk, like the Catalanian romance of the opposite coast, into a mere provincial idiom, in consequence of the language of the Castilian court being adopted by the higher classes in Galicia. . . .

"The Portuguese language would perhaps be less depreciated by the Spaniards, if it did not remind them of the vulgar Idiom spoken by the Galician water-carriers in Madrid. On the contrary, the Portuguese think the Castilian language inflated, and at the same time rough and also affected. Both nations are as little disposed to come to an agreement on the merits of their respective languages as the Danes and Swedes are regarding theirs; for the Castilian and Portu-

Of a work containing so much intelligence it is not easy, within our limits, to convey an adequate notion. The history of Portuguese (like that of Spanish) literature commences with the end of the 13th century, when the lyric poetry of Gonzalo Hernandez and Egaz Moniz, who were celebrated at so early a period as the reign of Alphonso i. in the preceding age, were made the foundations of the national Muse. Thus it appears that Portuguese poetry was probably anterior to Castilian, and maintained some corresponding feeling with the revival of letters in Italy. At first, princes from Diniz downwards, and persons of illustrious extraction, were the only bards; and it was not till the 15th century that the cultivation of poetry was more generally diffused, though still principally confined to the noble and exalted classes. In all its phases, however, and in every hand, the poetry of Portugal was more lyrical than romantic; and few chivalrous adventures are recorded in that tongue. Portugal may therefore "be regarded as the true native land of romantic pastoral poetry, which, however, about the same period flourished in Italy, where it assumed more cultivated forms, particularly after Sanazaro had written; but in Portugal alone was it properly national. Two Portuguese writers, Saa de Miranda and Montemayor transferred this style of poetry to Spanish literature."

Soon after Ribeyro and Falcaã, to whom this distinction is owed, namely, about the beginning of the 16th century, the Castilian was introduced, especially by Saa de Miranda, and always shared, if it did not banish, the original language.

Miranda is unquestionably the first Portuguese classic poet:—"To Torres Naharro, so strangely overlooked by Cervantes, the honour of being the real father of the Spanish comedy, must, on every just principle of historical criticism, be conceded. But Gil Vicente was a contemporary of Torres Naharro; and the dramatic compositions of the Portuguese poet, so far approximate to the ruder forms of the Spanish comedy, as to entitle Portuguese writers to claim for their own country the honour of the invention of that comedy. Spanish Autos either did not exist in the beginning of the sixteenth century, or if they did, they have disappeared from the domain of literature. A whole series of Autos by Gil Vicente are, however, extant; and several were written within the first ten years of the sixteenth century. Some are entirely in the Spanish language; others are half in Portuguese and half in Spanish, but all present, in their radical features, the form and character of the Spanish spiritual comedy. Was Gil Vicente then the first writer who exhibited a kind of poetic design in dramatic entertainments for the celebration of christian festivals, and thus raised to literary considera-

guese are, like the Danish and Swedish, only two conflicting dialects of the same tongue. The Swedes admit that the Danish language exceeds their own in softness, though they consider that softness disagreeable, and the harsher Swedish more sonorous on account of the greater abundance and fulness of its vowel sounds; thus, precisely in the same manner, do the Spaniards condemn the softness of the Portuguese tongue. The elision of the letter / in a great number of Portuguese words, as in *cor, pago, for color, palacio*, and the remarkable change of *t* into *r*, as in *branco, branco, for blanco, blando*, are peculiarities of that language to which foreigners do not easily reconcile themselves."

tion a style of composition which had previously been degraded by monks and buffoons?"

Specimens are given of these Autos; and Vicente's largest work of this kind may be referred to in proof. Vicente also wrote some curious farces.

Proceeding with biographical sketches of the poets who rose in succession to adorn the annals of Portuguese literature, M. Bouterwek and his translator present us with a connected history of the poetry itself, and farther illuminate the subject by short philosophical notices at the beginning of the various divisions. Thus when we arrive at Camoens, we have the following page:

"After having perused with critical reflection the history of Portuguese poetry and eloquence, from the introduction of the Italian style to the present point, the reader will be prepared to recognize the rank which Camoens holds among the poets of his country. Respecting this most celebrated of the Portuguese poets, indeed almost the only one among them who has obtained any celebrity beyond the limits of his native country, all the writers of the classic school of Saa de Miranda, Diogo Bernardes excepted, are silent, which is a sufficient proof that they did not include him in their party. But the public voice of Portuguese criticism, combined with the general national approbation, has long since elevated him above those who neglected to mention his name, though they were always ready to bestow praise on each other. Camoens, it is true, was a poor adventurer, wandering in India, at the period when Ferreira, Andrade Caminha, and other contemporary writers, were setting the poetic fashion at the brilliant court of Lisbon. But the poems which he produced previously to his departure for India, approximate in a striking degree to the classic works of the school of Saa de Miranda; and hence it is probable that the influence of that school, and of the older Portuguese poetry, may have operated in an equal degree on his genius. This relationship of Camoens with all parties in the polite literature of his native country, will be placed in the clearest point of view by introducing him after Ferreira, and before the other poets, who hand in hand with the latter pursued the newly opened course. Thus the genius of Camoens, as the first of Portuguese poets, may be considered conjointly with his merits as a poet in the spirit of the age in which he lived."

Into the life of Camoens, however (as it is already known to every English scholar,) we shall abstain from following our author; nor indeed can we afford space for extracts to any extent. The account of the perverted taste which corrupted the Portuguese poetry of the 17th century, under the names of the Gongorists' School and Marinism, possesses considerable literary interest, and reminds us of our Enthusiasm and other affectations. The Castilian influence over Portuguese letters towards the close of this century yielded to the French: "but even that influence never produced any thing like a revolution in the state of polite learning in Portugal. French taste worked its way into the language and the literature of the Portuguese, as tranquilly as into their manners. It therefore neither forcibly supplanted the old taste, nor caused any conflict of literary factions at all resembling that warfare which arose between the Gallicists and the adherents of the old style in Spain."

Under such auspices, "In the first half of the eighteenth century, a new, though not a happy turn, became perceptible in the dramatic poetry of the Portuguese. While the Spanish drama still supplied the place of a Portuguese national drama, the favour of the court of Lisbon was bestowed on the Italian opera. The general approbation which was soon extended to operatic performances of every description, led to the introduction on the Portuguese stage of a singular species of hybridous comedy. There was a wish to naturalize the Italian opera; but it is probable that few Portuguese singers were then capable of executing recitative; and it may also be presumed, that the Portuguese had heard of the little French operas, in which the characters speak and sing alternately. This, however, is certain, that the public of Lisbon had always a strong predilection for comic entertainments; and, it appears, that with the view of fully satisfying the popular taste, it was thought advisable to introduce the pomp of the serious Italian opera into the comic drama of Portugal. By what practical head this idea was suggested no Portuguese writer has thought fit to record. It seems not improbable that it had its origin in the speculation of a theatrical manager, who wished to venture on the experiment of amusing the public in a new way; and who, for that purpose, availed himself of the services of some obscure writer, who happened to have a talent for dramatic poetry. The first essays of this theatrical novelty were all anonymous. It is, however, likely, that the result greatly exceeded the expectation of the speculator. The scenic decorations, in which the new species of drama rivalled the Italian; the barlesque humour of the pieces themselves, the effects of music, both vocal and instrumental, captivated the great mass of the Lisbon public: The higher ranks of society, too, and even the court, took an interest in these performances. New dramas in this spirit and style followed each other in rapid succession, more particularly during the ten years which elapsed between 1730 and 1740. But no poet, who had previously acquired reputation, appears to have devoted himself to this kind of composition; and the prolific dramatist, whose anonymous productions were so fortunate as to obtain the chief favour of the public, had probably at the time private reasons for wishing to remain unknown. He was a Jew, whose name, even after it was disclosed, was seldom mentioned, as the public, content with the antonomasia, still continued to call him *O Judeu*, (the Jew.)

"The popularity of the new dramas soon became so great, that manuscript copies were eagerly procured for the purpose of private performance or reading. From these copies collections were printed, the increase of which fell still short of the public demand. To none of the dramas contained in these collections is the name of an author affixed. In spirit and style they so closely resemble each other, that they may all be considered as the production of one individual. If at this period French taste had acquired any decided influence on Portuguese literature, such dramas, though they might, for the sake of incident, music, and decoration, have been tolerated on the stage, would never have been sought for in print. It is impossible to imagine a more rude combination of low jests, with romantic and miraculous events, partly taken from real history, and partly from the Greek and Roman mythology. Had this strange

compound been the workmanship of cultivated as well as of inventive talent, then, indeed, might the grotesque medley have been rendered, by the ingenuity of composition, entertaining even to readers of cultivated taste. But in these confused jumbles, called comic operas, the composition is, in general, as artificial as the wit intended to enliven them is dull. The lowest buffoonery is blended with singular adventures, tournaments, or ceremonies; and trivial airs and songs are successively introduced."

Of late "the poetic talent of the Portuguese has opened for itself a wider field; and fantastic rhyming no longer finds admirers among the educated class of readers. The Portuguese zealously endeavour to rival, in polite literature as well as in science, those nations who have, or who seem to have outstripped them. But this rivalry is happily combined with a revived veneration for the poetry of the sixteenth century. Thus have the old national forms of Portuguese poetry been preserved for modern times; and the Portuguese drama alone seems doomed to be governed by French laws."

Having now brought down the history to nearly the present day, we take leave of this very able work, and heartily commend it to the lovers of Spanish and Portuguese literature.

Ipsiboi. Par M. le Vicomte d'Arincourt. Deux tomes. A Paris, chez Bechet Ainé.

THERE is perhaps no branch of literature whose merits have been more vigorously attacked or more strenuously defended, than that which bears as fruit those often reproached, but still eagerly read things—Novels. Without, however, entering into the discussion of either pro or con, we may be allowed to repeat, that some of the finest writing of the day is to be found in their pages; a master spirit has led the way, fresh fountains have sprung up, green and beautiful paths have been laid open, the fine creations of the imagination are contrasted with pictures true to the very life, history and poetry have mingled their treasures, and our present style of novel writing will be an epoch in literary annals. Above all, the reigning taste appears to be for historical romance. Readers love the magic power which thus gives reality to our old remembrances, which brings us, as it were, into social contact with beings whose names have been familiar to us from childhood. There are many and kindly feelings awakened by this intercourse with our ancestors: our sympathy is doubly roused for the Lion-hearted King pining in his dungeon, when we have, as it were, shared in his greenwood revelries; what deep interest does even the haughty Elizabeth excite, when we see her struggling with the bitter pang of ill-placed affection; and the fierce ambition of Charles the Bold is forgiven and forgotten in his love for Elodie. If we except the author of *Waverley*, who sits like Odin on his throne of darkness, unmatched, unmatchable, no modern novel writer has obtained the sudden, and complete success of the Comte d'Arincourt: and *Ipsiboi*, his present production, is stamped with the same wild imagination that characterized the *Recluse* and *Renegade*. It is laid in the twelfth century, that age of ferocity and gallantry, when the sword which to-day was drawn like a bandit's, was to-morrow vowed to the holy service of God, or raised in defence of its mistress's sovereign

beauty. It was the age of excitation; men's minds were yet vibrating beneath the strong impulse given by the crusades; the darkness of superstition was at its midnight; but new sects, powerful in their enthusiasm, were continually breaking in upon its security; the spirit of poetry was awakening, only to dedicate to the brave and the beautiful, and the gorgeous fictions of the east were already colouring the romance of the time. What a field for the author of the *Renegade*! The groundwork of the tale is as romantic as ever; but a kind of burlesque spirit pervades even the most solemn scenes. The following critique, from one of the Parisian journals, gives so accurate an idea of the work, that we shall content ourselves with transcribing it without further remark.

"The brilliant success of the *Recluse* and the *Renegade* has been, indeed, the highest encouragement that an author could have had. One should never have expected from such a writer the exclamation of the good man Anchises, *Cedamus Phœbo, et moniti meliora sequamur*, 'Let us obey Apollo, and, better informed, follow better ways.' In literature, and above all in romantic literature, the good way is that where success is obtained, the success which astonishes like an explosion; where editions are counted by the dozen, where the hundred voices of fame have nothing to do but to ring your name through Europe—where you meet at every step pretended critics, adancious gall-venders, insipid parodists, makers of epigrams, makers of songs, catters-up, enviers, in a word, all that brotherhood in Apollo who tear you to pieces, and give double venom to the caustic arrows of railery; who touch your works as the harpies touched the meat of *Æneas*'s companions; but who at least prove that you have merit, since the noise of your triumph has alone called forth their irritation. Waving the displeasure of us other classics, this is surely the path of renown; and if M. d'Arlincourt should chance to doubt, his bookseller is at hand to substantiate the doctrines by his accounts. And in truth what answer can be made to these charming words: 'Three editions sold in two days,—your works translated into every language, acted on every theatre, attacked in every journal!' How poor and inexpressive is the 'without dowry' of the miser, after the language of M. Bechet! I therefore expected that the third romantic work of him whom men of letters have sur-named, doubtless in despair of the cause, 'the man for editions,' would be at least as pathetic, as rich in bold and original situations, as the first compositions of the same writer; I expected that the tempests, torrents, mountains, would take their former parts, and the men of mystery and extremes would be, as usual, by the side of the virgins of the valley and the doves of the monastery. Not so at all: these pompous denominations seem to have vanished; we scarcely remark a mysterious dame, an enthusiast of the marsh and the wild lakes, who a little farther on is the unknown of great effects, and afterwards the lady of great works; and yet this extraordinary female, this Ipsibœ, this curious mixture of the serious and comic, the sublime and burlesque, is less destined to draw forth tears than to raise a laugh, is more calculated to amuse than to interest. The author seems to have made it his study to connect the most opposite tones, and in some measure to divert his readers at the expense of that style to which he owes his fame. Swift has taken the

place of Byron, as his model. With the exception of three or four forcible and pathetic scenes, the work is full of epigram, satirical contrast, unexpected pleasanties—which attack warmly, but without bitterness, the usages, the prejudices, the opinions, and the systems of the day. It must be owned this is the last thing in the world that we should have anticipated from this our prince of romance. Every one has his allowance in Ipsibœ. The servile pride of people of the court, the august nothingness of certain grandees, the brilliant theories of some philosophers, the eloquent verbosity of the learned, the affecting brotherly love among men of letters, are, turn by turn, objects of M. d'Arlincourt's malicious digressions. He has not even spared his good friends the romantic school; he has fired on them with grape-shot. But, what can scarcely be believed, he has dared to make a mockery of dramatic censure. This is a crying injustice; it is easily perceived M. d'Arlincourt does not write for the theatre. These unisons are not perhaps altogether natural; witticisms scattered by handfuls in a narration of events which passed in Provence five hundred years ago, certainly delay the progress of the story, and of course weaken the interest. But it is the substance that should be dwelt upon, not the shape; the whole is of but little consequence if the details are piquant and in a new style. A truly philosophical and moral feeling pervades the whole work. It displays men in their perpetual circle of folly, passion, hypocrisy, chimeras, and impracticable theories; and invites them, by a good-humoured picture of these errors, to live in peace, and submit to what is, instead of wasting their brief felicity in a search after things impossible. This aim is worth the other, and this *Romanes* is not so romantic as it appears. The better to display the deceitfulness of human perfectibility, Ipsibœ, at the same time that she is dreaming of the universal destruction of abuses, the reign of justice and happiness, is employed with equal zeal in the discovery of the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, the grand arcanum, &c. The good lady exhausts herself in vain endeavours. The results of her doctrine are not more efficacious than her alchemies; her intentions are excellent, but her actions mad—a kind of female Don Quixotte; all that she says is perfect, all that she does is absurd: the affair the least complicated becomes in her hands inexplicable. Her solemn and figurative language has in it something prophetic; but by a ludicrous contrast, her costume is so grotesque, her gestures so odd, that she is but a subject for merriment. Known to and held in consideration by the great; raising at her will invisible conspirators; appearing, when least expected, like an angel or a demon; now in the midst of friends, now in the assembly of her enemies—she is nevertheless the sorrowful plaything of circumstance, the victim of her chimeras; and all her merits, political, chimerical, and cabalistic, cannot save her from being laughed at, and being nicknamed the Fairy Tempest (*la fée Bouillon*). About her are grouped other and different characters. Alamed is the principal. His gaiety, his giddiness, his chivalric enthusiasm, are all the interest of the tale. Prince without knowing it, chief of a sect without wishing it, he does not altogether answer the vows of Ipsibœ; and prefers to the sceptre which his friends offer him, flying, with the beauty they have dethroned, to a distant country.

As for Ipsibœ, her fate is as mysterious as her life has been."

The only remark that we shall offer on this criticism is, that Ipsibœ is placed in a more ludicrous point of view than her character warrants: very great talent and great enthusiasm have a grandeur even in their folly. The following sketch of the story, though slight, will give an idea of its interest. Alamed is the son of Ipsibœ and Frederick Bozon. After his father's death, his mother has organised a powerful party to dethrone Zenaire, whom Raymond has placed on the throne of Provence. Alamed is to replace her; but, ignorant of his birth, he becomes attached to the princess, whose life he saves from the fury of his party; and even when his origin is known, they mutually prefer love in a cottage to love in a palace. Our first extract shall be a soliloquy of the orphan, whose vivid admiration of Zenaire has led to fatal consequences at a festival. "My folly is irreparable; but lamenting over it is useless, forgetting it is the best plan. In looking back, I see nothing but misfortunes and errors—away with their remembrance! Reflecting is very prudent, no doubt; but sorrowful meditations on the past offer me no resource for the future: so no more reflections. For every man there are ten thousand careers open, and above all, one Providence. Adversity prepares the way for prosperity; and misfortune only gives a flavour to happiness." This is your true philosophy; indeed if D'Arlincourt is styled the prince of romance, his hero may be styled the prince of assurance. Our next is a specimen of gone antiquity. "This valley, now almost a desert, said Izovin, was a few years ago covered with a numerous population. But the Baron de Monterolles, being at war with the Lords of Kians, called to his aid the Counts of Forenquier. His noble friends came forward, and according to the established custom of allied powers, they defended him so well, that they ruined him. Bless your liberators, was nevertheless their farewell to the inhabitants of these ravaged fields. It will be long before the barony recovers the shock of its deliverance. The Monterolles, said Alamed, are of the most ancient family. From the deluge they have been noble, they were so even before. Their ancestors were grandfathers to the Druids. A finishing proof of the importance of this family is, that dozens of Monterolles can be named, whose power even equalled their sovereign's; numbers were tried, proscribed, beheaded, shaved, flogged and hung." Quite a climax of dignity!

In compliment to Ipsibœ, we must give one description of her appearance, and then farewell to M. d'Arlincourt, whose present work, though from its nature of less intense interest than its predecessors, is far their superior in detail, information, and research.

"The lady of St. Chrisogone was dressed in a yellow robe with silver buttons, trimmed with black fur, resembling in shape the long pelisse worn by the Orientals. A large cord of black wool, meant for a girdle, floated untied on each side, over two ample pockets fastened beneath her vest. A bodice of goat's hair covered her neck; part of her hair hung uncured over her face; a band of white serge was rolled round the remainder of her jet-black tresses; and from it hung suspended, just pendulating between her penetrating eyes, an acorn of gold in perpetual motion, and a long veil was thrown like a scarf over her shoulders. Her features,

irregular, and almost at the first glance repulsive, recalled those maids of death the Scandinavians styled the Valkyries. Nevertheless her variable physiognomy had an unknown charm, an almost fascinating power. Her voice had a mystical and religious solemnity, which captivated, astonished, and seduced; its magic was such, that her hearers believed they had been listening to the most interesting details, when perhaps addressed but in incoherent phrases. Her language, eloquent and figurative, had in it something prophetic and august; but by a strange contrast, her gestures were so numerous and so singular, that at times they seemed quite convulsive, like a worm when cut in two by the spade."

The Son of Erin, or The Cause of the Greeks: a Play in Five Acts. By a Native of Bengal, George Burges, A.M. Trin. Coll. Cambridge. London 1823. J. Miller.

ONE of the mysteries which it puzzles the mind to fathom is exemplified in this Play. We have here a gentleman of talents and education so entirely deluded by his own phantasy, as to proclaim himself the founder of a new dramatic school, and put forth such a composition as the *Son of Erin* in support of his pretension and in proof of his ideal perfection. Alas! il vaut mieux ne rien faire que de faire des riens, is a sad truism; but to make des riens like these five acts, and set them up as a radical reform of the drama, appears to us to be, if not a jest, a very singular aberration of mind. We really speak with unaffected concern when we declare that we think Mr. Burges wrong on almost every point,—erroneous in his conception, erroneous in his versification, erroneous in his plan, erroneous in his general execution, erroneous in his rules, and erroneous in his own modes of illustrating them. But if he be right, all our opinions on the subject of dramatic writing and representation are not worth a rush; and feeling this, we are bound to state it, however unwilling to act the mis-dispellers where we wish we could have been the encomiasts.

"Should that fickle thing, called Fashion, Folly's darling child, (says the author, not over differently,) for once act reasonably, and be disposed to lend its ears as well as eyes to scenic representations, it will find here what a regular drama should be." We are sorry to differ from him in toto: we think it exactly what a regular drama should not be, a mixture of blank verse, tagging rhymes, songs, and mean or artificial prose. Entertaining these sentiments, we shall not trouble ourselves or our readers with any analysis of the Play; nor quote much of it to show, that in principle and practice it departs widely from Mr. Burges's own double standard—Nature and Probability. An Irish Pirate joins some Greek Patriots in a plot against the Turkish fleet; they are betrayed, and the Greeks (a poor cause does the author make out for them!) are hanged, while their Hibernian accomplice is not only pardoned but married to the Pacha's daughter, whom he had previously captured. This marriage is surely not one of the essential probabilities.

Our first example of style shall be of the more poetical genus; it occurs in a love-scene between Kalitza, the Pacha's daughter, and Gerall the pirate. Gerall says,

"Thou art my love, my life,
Look up, my love,

Kalitza. Am I thy love, indeed?

Gerall. If my heart's not all chill'd.

Kalitza. I'll warm it thus.

[Puts her hand on Gerall's heart.

Against my forehead so did Haida oft,
When it did ache and chilly feel, her hand
Press close, 'till slumb'ring in her arms I lost
All pain in sleep. This bosom, trust me, love,
Will be a pillow soft as Haida's, and
Where oft Zoella laid her cares to rest.
Say, feels it warmer?

Gerall. Sweet simplicity!

How would the prudish daughters of the North
Shrink from such words and deeds and thoughts as
But there society, like the soil, is ^{thine}.
All cold and stiff. The flow'rs of land and life
Lack vigor, tint, and perfume; here and there
A plant of sweeter scent, of richer hue,
Of more luxuriant leaf, is seen to live,
And only does not wither, and thus shows
Itself th' exotic seed of warmer climes.

There art with stays and pads would imitate
Unfetter'd Nature's easy swell and fall;
And they, who best could win a noble heart,
By showing freely theirs, must play the tricks
Of Cupid-generals, who now boldly push
Forward to gain a prize by coup-de-main;
Or, when the glass can well desecr the length
And strength of the still distant body, fire
The whole artillery of eyes, and find,
Before th' attack, all power mis-spent; or wait
With battery mask'd the foe, that comes not near,
Dreading the silence of an ambuscade.
But can'st thou love a Giaour and a Frank? [love
Kalitza. A Giaour and a Frank's a man; and
Is of all climes and creeds. I've heard in tales,
That e'en by frozen seas, where summer's sun
Melts not an icicle, Love there still warms
The inmates of the hut, who, but for him,
Had shivering sought the lesser cold of death;
And they, who ne'er the cross or crescent knew,
Men who eat men, and drain the blood of foes,
As it flows warm and fresh from scoop'd-out skulls,
Are tamed from worse than tiger-cruelty
By love.

Gerall. But haply has the Pacha given

Thy promised hand to its expectant lord.

Kalitza. Thy guess is right. - - -

This colloquy ends with a kissing-bout, which is interrupted by the entrance of Kalitza's friend, Zoella; and this leads us to a touch of the humorous and familiar:

Zoella. Well, Kalitza—Oh! dear, I'm afraid I've done mischief by interrupting the application of the sticking-plaster. What, is any thing the matter with your lips? I thought the complaint had been water in the eye. I see too the pirate-doctor has taught you, that in the 'Heigho' the pulsations of the blood are best found in the palm of the hand, and not at the wrist. It is really very kind of your medical friend to make such a long visit, and not only listen to the symptoms, but condescend to make up such a common medicine as lip-salve, which has been often recommended, for a cold in the head; but you will now speak of it in raptures, as a certain cure for the heart-born.

Kalitza. To say the truth, I do feel better now.

Zoella. But is there no fear of a relapse?

Kalitza. You must ask my physician.

Zoella. Well, doctor, what say you?

Gerall. I can set her mind to rest on that head, if Kalitza will put herself wholly into my hands—
Zoella. Oh! I'll answer for your fears on that point.

Gerall. And confide to my honour the knowledge of her internal feelings.

Zoella. No secrets with the doctor. Are there, Kalitza?

Gerall. Without such confidence, we are apt to be in the dark.

Zoella. And such a situation might produce very unfortunate consequences.

Gerall. In which case, delicate patients in particular suffer from the—

Zoella.—false step, they made.

Gerall. And for the sake of our character, we are obliged to give them—

Zoella.—the slip;

Gerall. Or, if the gradual development of certain symptoms lead us to anticipate a species of—

Zoella.—dropsy—

Gerall.—we recommend a temporary—

Zoella.—retirement—

Gerall.—in our parting visit.

Kalitza. Parting? Oh! support me.

Gerall. Do, Zoella, lend your friend there, (Point to the recess,) and put her—

Zoella.—to bed? oh! dear, but her confinement won't be long, I hope.

Gerall. More hearts than one would ache, if it were so. But do you refuse to act as Kalitza's nurse?

Zoella. Refuse? no, no. I was only alarm'd lest she sunk under the novelty of a situation as trying to a delicate being. Come, dear Kalitza, lean on your Zoella's bosom, and it will soon restore you to those you love.

Gerall. Farewell, 'till, love, we meet once more.

The close [repose]
Of this short night brings rapture or— (Aside)

Yet ere I leave thee, let my lips thus tell,
How strikes Hope's death-note in Love's ear
"farewell."

Now if this be the regular drama we are desperately mistaken; if it be not, the author, to use his own words, has been "miserably blinded," we will not add "by self-love," but by one of those strange and unaccountable fancies which are apt to enter the brains of men of genius, and when once there, to turn all their sense to folly. We will follow the theme no farther.

RELICS OF LITERATURE.

To conclude the elucidation of this medley volume, which we introduced into our last Number, we select a few farther specimens of its least familiar contents.

"*Jackie is grieve a Gentleman.*"

"Among the most rare ballads in the English language is one entitled, 'Jackie is

* In the reign of Elizabeth, as appears from a return of foreigners residing in London, there were only forty Scots in the English capital. On the accession of James, his Northern subjects naturally flocked to the seat of Government. Their numbers increased so rapidly, that in February 1606, it was debated in Parliament whether they should be admitted to the benefit of naturalization. In the Commons, 14th Feb. exactly 217 years ago (what changes have since taken place!!!) "Mr. Fuller began the debate. The principal grounds of his argument were, 'That God had made people fit for every country; some for a cold, some for a hot climate; and those several countries he hath adapted to their several natures and qualities. All grounds are not fit for one kind of grain; but some for oats, some for wheat, &c. Suppose one man is owner of two pastures, with one hedge to divide them, the one pasture bare, the other fertile and good. A wise owner will not pull down the hedge, but make gates to let the cattle in and out at pleasure; otherwise they will rush in in multitudes, and much against their will return. That the union was no more than two arms of one body. But before they be admitted, it is proper to consider what place and room we have for them. Look

growne a gentleman.* It is a satire levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who emigrated to England in the reign of James the first, in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign. So much, indeed, was the king annoyed with these supplicants, that he issued a proclamation at Edinburgh, dated 10th of May, 1610, stating, that the daily resort of idle persons,

into the Universities; there you will find many of our own very worthy men not preferred. Our English merchants adventure; they go to sea with great vessels, freighted at a great charge; with others with little vessels at a small charge. The Scotch carry their wares in other countries up and down in packs; and by these means have taken away all the trade from Dieppe already. Our traders are too many already, and there are impositions upon the English, from which the Scotch are discharged. The navy of Scotland is so weak as to be in *miserecordium* with the meanest force. The care of a sovereign prince is, that his subjects live under him *honeste, tuto, pacifice et jucunde*. That country is miserable where the greatest men are exceeding rich, the poor men exceeding poor, and no mean, no proportion between both. Tenants of two manors; whereof the one hath woods, fisheries, liberties, commons of estovers, &c.—the other, a bare common, without profit; only a little turf or the like. The owner maketh a grant, that the tenants of this shall be participants of the profits, &c. of the former. This beareth some shew of equity, but is plain wrong, and the grant void. The king cannot make a single village in one, to be parcel of another county. He cannot make a parcel of one kingdom parcel of another, being distinct kingdoms. If king Philip of Spain had had a son by queen Mary, he would have been king of Spain, Sicily, &c. Was it proper to naturalize those subjects? It cannot be good to mingle two swarms of bees under one hive on the sudden. When the Jews were in captivity, and were moved to Babel, and sang songs, they could not forget Jerusalem: Let their right hand forget their left, &c. And when Abraham and Lot were brethren, Abraham said, Go thou to the right hand, and I will go to the left, &c. So they divided, and either took that part which was fittest for him.

Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Moore followed, and though they did not object entirely to the naturalization of the Scots, yet, said they, if we naturalize them, it is necessary to have many cautions; cautions for ecclesiastical promotions, cautions for our lands and for our trades.

Sir Francis (afterwards Lord) Bacon, spoke at great length and with great ability, in favour of the naturalization of the Scots, not so much on legal grounds, but as a matter of convenience; and as a sign to all the world of our love towards them, and agreement with them.

In the course of the discussion of this subject, one member was committed to the tower for making some severe reflections on the Scots: this was Sir Christopher Piggott, one of the members for the county of Buckingham. Speaking of the naturalization, he said, Let us not join murderers, thieves, and the rogish Scots, with the well deserving Scots. There is as much difference between them as between a judge and a thief. He would speak his conscience, without flattery of any creature whatsoever. They have not suffered above two kings to die in their beds these two hundred years. Our king James hath hardly escaped them; they have attempted him. Now he is come from among them, let us free him from such attempts hereafter. Although this speech excited much surprise in the house, yet it passed without censure, until, in consequence of a message from the king, blaming the neglect of the house, Sir Christopher Piggott was expelled the house and committed to the tower, where he remained some time.

* Alluding to the Gowrie conspiracy.

of base sort and condition, was not only very unpleasant and offensive to his majesty, since he was daily importuned with their suits and begging, and his royal court almost filled with them, (they being, in the conceit of all beholders, but idle rascals and poor miserable bodies,) but their country was heavily disgraced by it, and many slanderous imputations given out against the same, as if there were no persons of good rank, comeliness, or credit, within it; therefore it was ordered, that no captains of ships should transport any passenger to England without license of the Privy Council.

The following song of 'Jockie is growne a Gentleman,' is not only humorous, but gives an interesting picture of the national prejudices, as well as the costume of our ancestors.

Well met, Jockie, whither away?
Shall we two have a word or tway?
Thou wast so lousie the other day,
How the devil comes you so gay?

Ha, ha, ha, by sweet St. Ann,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy shoes, that thou wor'st when thou went'st to
Were made of the hide of a Scotch cow, [plow,
They're turned to Spanish leather now,
Bedeckt with roses I know not how.

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy stockings, that were of northern blew,
That cost not twelve-pence when they were new,
Are turn'd into a silken hue,
Most gloriously to all men's view.

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy belt, that was made of a white leather thong,
Which thou and thy father wore so long,
Are turn'd to hangers of velvet strong,
With gold and pearly embroider'd among.

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy garters, that were of Spanish say,
Which from the taylor's thou stol'st away,
Are now quite turn'd to silk, they say,
With great broad laces fayer and gay.

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy doublet and breech, that were so playne,
On which a louse could scarce remayne,
Are turn'd to a satin God-a-mercy trayne,
That thou by begging couldst this obtayne!

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy clonke, which was made of a home-spun thread,
Which thou wast wont to fling on thy bed,
Is turned into a skarlet red,
With golden laces about thee spread.

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy bonnet of blew, which thou wor'st hither,
To keep thy skone from wind and weather,
Is thrown away the devil knows whither,
And turn'd to a bever hat and feather.

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Westminster-hall was cover'd with lead,
And so was St. John many a day;
The Scotchmen have begg'd it to buy them bread;
The devil take all such Jockies away.

Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Under the head of poetical coincidences and quotations, the Editor sets out with precepts, which he overturns by examples and arguments upon them. In his chapter on Epitaphs he is more consistent as well as fortunate, for we find some at least little hacknied. Ex. gr.

At Ockham, in Surrey, 1736.

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopp'd off me.

At Salby, in Yorkshire.

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish clerk and grave-stone cutter,
And this is writ to let you know,

What Frank for others used to do,
Is now for Frank done by another.

In Winborne Church-yard, on one John Penny.

Here honest John, who oft the turf had pac'd,
And stopp'd his mother earth, in earth is plac'd;
Nor all the skill of John himself could save
From being stopp'd within an earthly grave.
A friend to sport, himself of sporting fame,
John died as he had liv'd, with heart of game:
Nor did he yield, until his mortal breath [Death.
Was hard run down by that grim sportsman—
Reader, if cash thou art in want of any,
Dig four feet deep, and thou wilt find—A PENNY.

In Calstock Church-yard, Cornwall.

'Twas by a fall I caught my death;
No man can tell his time or breath;
I might have died as soon as thou,
If I had had physician men.

At Northallerton.

Hic jacet Walter Gun,
Some time landlord of the Sun;

Sic transit gloria mundi!

He drank hard upon Friday,

That being a high day.

Then took to his bed, and died upon Sunday.

On Mr. Turner, a great Univer, who died in the Year 1648.

Turner, the miser, he depriv'd of breath,
And turn'd into another world by death;
Twas a good turn for some that 'was in death;
He lov'd the world, and so did turn to earth:
His wealth his heirs had, the worms a feast,
For Adam's forfeit, Death had interest.

In the old Church of All Saints, in Newcastle.

Here lies poor Wallace,

The prince of good fellows,

Clerk of Allhallows,

And maker of bellows.

He bellows did make 'till the day of his death;
But he that made bellows could never make breath.

In the Church-yard of Westminster, in Sumner.

The bitter cup, that Death gave me,

Is passing round to come to thee.

On Prince Henry, son of James I., by W. Rowley:

Did he die young? oh no, it could not be,
For I know few that liv'd so long but he,
Till God and all men lov'd him: then he bold,
That man that liv'd so long must needs be old.

"Lotteries in England.—The first English Lottery I have met with, was drawn A.D. 1500. It consisted of forty thousand lots, at ten shillings each lot. The prizes were plate; and the profits were to go towards repairing the havens of this kingdom. It was drawn (as Maitland from Stow informs us, vol. i. p. 257) at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral. The drawing began on the 11th of January 1509, and continued, incessantly, day and night, until the 6th of May following. At this time there were only three lottery-offices in London. The proposals for this lottery were published in the years 1567 and 1568. It was, at first, intended to have been drawn at the house of Mr. Dericke, her majesty's servant, (i.e. her jeweller,) but was afterwards drawn as above-mentioned.

"Dr. Rawlinson shewed the Society of Antiquaries, in 1748, a copy of the preceding lottery scheme, and it is thus entitled—'A proposal for a very rich lottery, general without any blanks; containing a great number of good prizes, as well of ready money as of

plate, and certain sorts of merchandizes, having been valued and prized by the commandment of the queen's most excellent majesty's order, to the intent that such commodities as may chance to arise thereof, after the charges borne, may be converted towards the reparation of the havens, and strength of the realm, and towards such other further good works. The number of lots shall be forty thousand, and no more: and every lot shall be the summe of tenne shillings sterling only, and no more. To be filled by the Feast of St. Bartholomew. The shew of prizes are to be seen in Cheapside, at the sign of the Queen's Armes, at the house of Mr. Dericke, goldsmith, servant to the queen. Printed by Henry Bynnenman, 1567.

"In 1612, King James, for the special encouragement of the plantation of English colonies in Virginia, granted a lottery to be held at the west end of St. Paul's. One Thomas Sharplys, a tailor, of London, had the chief prize, amounting to four thousand crowns in 'faire plate.'

"In the reign of queen Anne, it was thought necessary to suppress lotteries as nuisances to the public."

From the paper entitled *Bulls and Blunders* we copy a few specimens:

"Ricaunt, in his History of the Turks, says—'That they so confound chronology and history, as to assert that Job was a judge, in the court of king Solomon, and Alexander the Great one of his generals.'

"A bibliophile, now living, and of some eminence, was once asked if he had a copy of 'Cesar's Commentaries'? 'I am sorry,' said he, 'I have not; but I have got *Blackstone's*.'

"Melville, in his 'Account of John Knox,' says—'that he was so active and vigorous a preacher, that he was like to ding the pulpit into blades, and fly out of it. Campenon, in his 'Translation of Robertson's History of Scotland,' where this passage is quoted, thus literally renders it:—'Soon heating himself by the fire of his passions and his hatred, he bestirred himself like a madman; he broke his pulpit, and leaped into the midst of his auditors!' Well might M. Campenon add—'Nothing proves the coarseness of that people (the Scotch) so much as the ascendancy which such a madman possessed over them.'

"Among the 'Notices to Correspondents,' in a journal not remarkable for its regard to propriety, there appeared the following:—'DECENCY came too late to have a place in our paper this week.'

"Bible Commentators.—Some Bible commentators are excessively abstruse—others, great triflers. Of the latter class was St. Austin, who laboured hard to prove that the ten plagues of Egypt were punishments adapted to the breach of the ten commandments; forgetting that the law was given to the Jews, and that the plagues were inflicted on the Egyptians. But St. Austin committed a worse blunder than this; for the law was not given in the form of commandments, until nearly three months after the plagues were sent.

"Brightman, an expositor on the Revelation, among other subjects, selects for a comment the twentieth verse of the fourteenth chapter:—'And the wine-press was trodden without the city; and blood came out of the wine-press even unto the horses' bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs.' He then comments upon

it as follows:—'Sixteen hundred furlongs; that is, through the whole realm of England. Sixteen hundred furlongs make two hundred English miles. Now the length of this realm, from the farthest part of the south to the longest reach of the north, is more than this by a hundred miles; but yet if we take away the vastness of the northern parts, where the country is more desert and unmanured, near the borders, we shall see a marvellous consent in this also.'

"The philosopher Whiston, who was no flatterer, applied a prophecy of St. John, in the Revelation, to Prince Eugene; who politely thanked, and even rewarded the expositor; but protested that he could not bring himself to believe that St. John had him in view when he wrote the Apocalypse.

"Vander Meulen, in his *Dissertations Philosophicæ*, gives a singular elucidation of the following text from Genesis:—'And the Lord took one of his (Adam's) ribs, and made a woman.' The commentator then inquires—'First, was the rib taken from the right or the left side of Adam? Secondly, was Adam, after the loss of that rib, a maimed or imperfect man? Questions which he discusses very gravely, and then proceeds to ask—'Why was Eve formed of a rib, and not of the dust of the ground?' His answer to this question is curious, if not convincing. 'Had Eve been created of the dust of the ground,' he says, 'she would have been a stranger to Adam. Had she been created out of his foot, he might have despised or trampled upon her, as being much his inferior. Had she been produced out of his head, she would, perhaps, have taken too much upon herself, and pretended to domineer. It was, therefore, more proper that she should be taken from the middle of Adam's body; on which account he could not but have a due esteem for her.'

With these desultory extracts we finish our Review of this very desultory book! If they amuse, as we trust they will, the generality of readers, we can promise them that there are a hundred or two of other fragments equally entertaining.

CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.
2 vols. 8vo.

THE curiosity excited by our notice of this most interesting work will very speedily render any review of it a twice told tale; for, as we stated, it contains matter so attractive to every class, that it is not likely to remain many weeks without finding its way into libraries and literary societies, and, by being generally perused, make comment unnecessary and extract superfluous. Till that period arrives, however, we conceive it to be our pleasant duty to continue this paper, and convey, to distant and foreign readers especially, an idea of Madame Campan's delightful labours, and of the unhappy circumstances of Marie Antoinette, as recorded by her faithful pen.

The narrative of the reign of Louis xv. though of very striking and disgraceful character, and altogether entertaining and instructive (in the sense that heacons are useful,) must not be allowed to detain us from the main story—that of Marie Antoinette, who, it is ominously told, "born on the day of the Lisbon earthquake," 2d Nov. 1755, arrived at Versailles just as the party which brought her there, that of the Duke de

Choiseul, reached the point of its fall. It is lamentable to wade through the intrigues and political struggles by which she was soon made unhappy, and in consequence of which (together with the profligacy of Louis xv. and the abominable tyranny of the government,) the bloody visitation of the revolution fell upon the royal race, the nobility, and the nation. We turn to more grateful subjects.

"In consequence of the fire in the Place Louis xv. which occurred at the time of the nuptial entertainments, the dauphin and dauphiness sent their whole income for the year, to the relief of the unfortunate families who lost their relatives on that disastrous day.

"This act of generosity is in itself of the number of those ostentatious kindnesses, which are dictated by the policy of princes, at least, as much as by their compassion: but the grief of Marie Antoinette was genuine, and lasted several days; nothing could console her for the loss of so many innocent victims; she spoke of it, weeping to her ladies, when one of them thinking, no doubt, to divert her mind, told her that a great number of thieves had been found among the bodies, and that their pockets were filled with watches and other valuables: 'They have at least been well punished,' added the person who related these particulars. 'Oh, no! no, madam!' replied the dauphiness, 'they died by the side of honest people.'

When the dauphiness became Queen, she displayed great dislike to etiquette, and, we dare say, not one of our trembling female readers will wonder at it after they have skimmed the following extract, particularly if "time: winter" may be added to the farce.

"The princess's toilette was a master-piece of etiquette; every thing done on the occasion, was in a prescribed form. Both the dame d'honneur and the tire-woman usually attended and officiated, assisted by the principal lady in waiting, and two inferior attendants. The tire-woman put on the petticoat, and handed the gown to the Queen. The dame d'honneur poured out the water for her hands, and put on her body linen. When a princess of the royal family happened to be present while the Queen was dressing, the dame d'honneur yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the princesses of the blood; in such a case, the dame d'honneur was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady in waiting, who, in her turn, handed it to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously, as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the Queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the dame d'honneur came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door; it was opened: and in came the duchess d'Orleans; she took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the dame d'honneur to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess: a further noise—it was the comtesse de Provence; the duchess d'Orleans handed her the linen. All this while the Queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold: Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and in doing so, knocked the Queen's cap off. The Queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered

several times, 'How disagreeable! how tiresome!'

How dangerous may a dislike to such frivolities be if you war against established usages even though bad ones!

"One of the customs most disagreeable to the Queen, was, that of dining every day in public. Marie Leckzinska had constantly submitted to this wearisome practice: Marie Antoinette followed it as long as she was dauphiness. The dauphin dined with her, and each branch of the family had its public dinner daily. The ushers suffered all decently-dressed people to enter; the sight was the delight of persons from the country. At the dinner hour, there were none to be met upon the stairs but honest folks, who, after having seen the dauphiness take her soup, went to see the princes eat their bouilli, and then ran themselves out of breath to behold Mesdames at their desert.

"Very ancient usage, too, required that the queens of France should appear in public, surrounded only by women; even at meal times, no persons of the other sex attended to serve at table; and although the King ate publicly with the Queen, yet he himself was served by women, with every thing which was presented to him directly at table. The dame d'honneur, kneeling for her own accommodation upon a low stool, with a napkin upon her arm, and four women in full dress, presented the plates to the King and Queen. The dame d'honneur handed them drink. This service had formerly been the right of the maids of honour. The Queen, upon her accession to the throne, abolished the usage altogether; she also freed herself from the necessity of being followed, in the palace of Versailles, by two of her women in court dresses, during those hours of the day when the ladies in waiting were not with her. From that time she was accompanied only by a single valet de chambre and two footmen. All the errors of Marie Antoinette were of the same description with those which I have just detailed. A disposition gradually to substitute the simple customs of Vienna for those of Versailles, was more injurious to her than she could possibly have imagined."

"Brought up in a court where simplicity was combined with majesty; placed at Versailles, between an importunate dame d'honneur, and an imprudent adviser, it is not surprising, that when she became Queen, she should be desirous of evading disagreeables, the indispensable necessity of which she could not see: this error sprang from a true feeling of sensibility. This unfortunate princess, against whom the opinions of the French people were at length greatly excited, possessed qualities which deserved to obtain the highest degree of popularity. None could doubt this, who, like myself, had heard her with delight, describe the patriarchal manners of the house of Lorraine. She was accustomed to say, that by transplanting their manners into Austria, the princes of that house had laid the foundation of the unassailable popularity enjoyed by the imperial family. She frequently related to me the interesting manner in which the dukes of Lorraine levied the taxes. 'The sovereign prince,' said she, 'went to church; after the sermon he rose, waved his hat in the air, to

shew that he was about to speak, and then mentioned the sum, whereof he stood in need. Such was the zeal of the good Lorrainers, that men have been known to take away linen or household utensils, without the knowledge of their wives, and sell them to add the value to the contribution. It sometimes happened, too, that the prince received more money than he had asked for, in which case he restored the surplus."

Madame Campan asserts that the famous man with the iron mask never wore one, and was simply a Piedmontese prisoner, of a dangerous character, in consequence of his disposition to intrigue; but her explanations will, we think, hardly be deemed satisfactory. The visit of the Emperor Joseph II. to his sister, however, furnishes a picture more attractive than this inquiry.

"The first interview between the Queen and her angust brother, took place in the presence of all the Queen's household. It was extremely affecting; the feelings of nature excite the strongest interest, when displayed by sovereigns in all their unrestrained force.

"The Emperor was, at first, generally admired in France; learned men, well-informed officers, and celebrated artists, felt the great extent of his information. He made less impression at court, and very little in the private circle of the King and Queen. His manners were eccentric, his frankness often degenerated into rudeness, and his simplicity appeared evidently affected; all these characteristics made him looked upon as a prince rather singular than admirable. The Queen spoke to him about the apartment she had prepared for him in the castle; the Emperor answered that he would not accept of it, and that while travelling he always lodged at a public house (that was his very expression: the Queen insisted, and assured him that he should be at perfect liberty, and placed out of the reach of noise. He replied, that he knew the castle of Versailles was extensive enough, and that he might claim a place there, as well as any of the numerous blackguards who were lodged in it; but that his valet de chambre had made up his camp-bed, in a ready-furnished house, and there he would lodge."

At table "the Emperor would there say a great deal, and fluently; he expressed himself in our language with facility, and the singularity of his expressions added a zest to his conversation. I have often heard him say, that he liked *spectacular* objects, when he meant to express such things as formed a show, or a scene worthy of interest. He disguised none of his prejudices upon the subject of the etiquette and customs of the court of France; and even in the presence of the King made these the subject of his sarcasms.

"The Queen's toilet was likewise a never-failing subject for animadversion with the Emperor. He blamed her for having introduced too many new fashions; and teased her about her use of rouge, to which his eyes could not accustom themselves. One day, while she was laying on more of it than usual, before going to the play, he advised her to put on still more; and pointing out a lady who was in the room, and was, in truth, highly painted. 'A little more under the eyes,' said the Emperor to the Queen: 'lay on the rouge like a fury, as that lady does.' The Queen entreated her brother to cease observations of this sort; and, at all events,

to address them, when they were so severe, to her alone."

These extracts have gone so far that we have only farther room to intimate that a rather extraordinary and mysterious reason is hinted at (p. 181. vol. I.) for there being for a long time no issue to the crown; and to close with one or two letters of the Emperor Joseph, quoted in the Appendix, which impress us with a high opinion of his good sense—

TO A LADY.

"Madam,—I do not think that it is amongst the duties of a monarch to grant places to one of his subjects, merely because he is a gentleman. That, however, is the inference from the request you have made to me. Your late husband was, you say, a distinguished general, a gentleman of good family; and thence you conclude, that my kindness to your family can do no less than give a company of foot to your second son, lately returned from his travels.

"Madam, a man may be the son of a general, and yet have no talent for command. A man may be of a good family, and yet possess no other merit than that which he owes to chance, the name of gentleman.

"I know your son, and I know what makes the soldier; and this two-fold knowledge convinces me that your son has not the disposition of a warrior, and that he is too full of his birth, to leave the country a hope of his ever rendering it any important service.

"What you are to be pitted for, madam, is, that your son is not fit either for an officer, a statesman, or a priest; in a word, that he is nothing more than a gentleman, in the most extended acceptance of the word.

"You may be thankful to that destiny, which, in refusing talents to your son, has taken care to put him in possession of great wealth, which will sufficiently compensate him for other deficiencies, and enable him, at the same time, to dispense with any favour from me.

"I hope you will be impartial enough, to feel the reasons which prompt me to refuse your request. It may be disagreeable to you, but I consider it necessary. Farewell, madam.

"Your sincere well-wisher,
"LACHENBURG, 4th August, 1787. JOSEPH."

TO POPE PIUS VI.

"Most Holy Father.—The funds of the clergy of my dominions are not destined, as has been boldly said at Rome, to expire with my reign; but rather to become a relief to my people; and as their continuation, as well as the displeasure which has burst forth upon this subject, are within the jurisdiction of history, posterity will be masters of the matter without our co-operation: this, then, will be a monument of my time, and I hope not the only one.

"I have suppressed the superfluous convents, and the still more superfluous societies: their revenues serve to support curates and to ameliorate the primary institutions; but amidst all the confidence in matters of account, which I am obliged to place in persons employed by the state, the funds of the latter, have with me, absolutely nothing in common with those of the church. An action should be judged of only by its intention, and the results of this action can only be appreciated by their success, which will not be known for some years.

"I see, however, that logic is not the same at Rome, as it is in my dominions; and hence arises this want of harmony between Italy and the empire.

"If your holiness had taken the charitable care to inform yourself, at the proper source, of what was passing in my territories, many things would not have happened; but there were people at Rome, who, as it appears to me, would have darkness spread itself more and more over our poor globe.

* It is a curious coincidence, that in reviewing two publications in one week, we should almost by accident have to contrast the toilettes of Marie-Antoinette and Napoleon Buonaparte! So runs the world away.—Ed.

"You have now the brief account of the causes which have compelled my arrangements; I hope you will excuse the consciousness of my letter, on consideration, that I have neither the time nor the talent necessary for discussing so vast a theme in the manner used in a Roman museum.

"I pray God still long to preserve you to his church, and to send one of his angels before you, to prepare for you the ways of heaven.

"Your most obedient son in Jesus Christ,
Vienna, July 1784. JOSEPH."

TO A LADY.

"Madame,—You know my disposition: you are not ignorant that the society of the ladies is to me a mere recreation, and that I have never sacrificed my principles to the fair sex. I pay but little attention to recommendations, and I only take them into consideration, when the person, in whose behalf I may be solicited, possesses real merit.

"Two of your sons are already loaded with favours. The eldest, who is not yet twenty, is chief of a squadron in my army; and the younger has obtained a prebend at Cologne, from the Elector my brother. What would you have more? Would you have the first a general, and the second a bishop?

"In France you may see colonels in leading strings; and in Spain, the royal princes command armies even at eighteen; hence prince Stahremberg forced them to retreat so often, that they were never able, all the rest of their lives, to comprehend any other manoeuvre.

"It is necessary to be sincere at court, and severe in the field, stoical without obduracy, in ignorance without weakness, and to gain the esteem of our enemies by the justice of our actions; and this, madam, is what I aim at.

"Vienna, September 1787. JOSEPH."
[Extract from the unedited letters from Joseph II. published at Paris, by Persan, 1823.]

(To be continued.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S EXPEDITION.

An account, though circuitously received, we are rejoiced to learn, affords fair hopes of the safety and success of the Expedition under the command of Captain Parry. It is derived from Russia, and communicated to our Board of Admiralty. The particulars are, that several fishing vessels, belonging to Kamchatka and the Aleutian Islands, saw our illustrious Navigators off ICY CAPE. The Russian Commandant (Krusenstern is the name given to the *Literary Gazette*) states, that on receiving this intelligence he examined the masters of the vessels separately, and that their relation of the fact agreed in every circumstance; and he expresses himself to be entirely satisfied of the truth of their report. This is great and gratifying news; for if it be correct, which there is good reason to believe it is, then is the great geographical problem solved which has excited so intense an interest, and to British intrepidity and perseverance is owing another of those grand discoveries which form epochs in the history of the world. As Icy Cape has been reached from Behring's Straits; as it is indeed yearly visited by small Russian ships, all apprehension about our bold navigators will be at an end so soon as the tidings are confirmed, and we shall only have to curb our impatience for letters from our noble Countrymen, now happily, we trust, ploughing the Pacific Ocean on their homeward way.

POMPEY'S PILLAR.

(Extracts.)—*Letter from Captain G. H. Smyth, to Baron von Zach; dated on board the Adventure, off Alexandria in Egypt, April 15, 1822.*
[From Baron Zach's *Correspondance Astronomique*, T. vii. p. 38-40.]

"I HAVE completed a new Plan of Alexandria, with the permission and assistance of Mehmet Ali Pacha, of whom I have often written to you. He was quite delighted with my instruments, which I had conveyed to his Palace, that he might examine them more conveniently. He particularly admired my large telescope with a micrometer, with which several small distances at land were measured. The Pacha, to the no small astonishment of his attendants, measured the sun's diameter, explained to them how far they were distant from the sun, &c. You will say that these are trifles, but they have been extremely useful to me, as I found my business much facilitated by them.

I once observed to him, that as the Pillar of Alexandria, (which I don't like to hear called Pompey's Pillar) was a principal point in my topographical chart, and was of considerable height, very distant objects might be observed from it, and I wished to place my great Theodolite upon it. The Pacha was pleased at this notion, and I caused a large kite to be made, by the aid of which, after the example of the British sailors who first ascended the Pillar, we passed a small rope over it, then a thicker one, and so on, till, to the astonishment of the sailors on board the Turkish fleet, we had raised a good rope-ladder, and fastened it to the Pillar. By this means I had the satisfaction of placing an excellent instrument on the top of this noble monument of antiquity.

I am entirely of the opinion of M. Sylvestre de Sacy, in his learned notes on the account of Abd Allatif, that this Pillar was surrounded by an uncommonly large portico, from which it obtained the name of *Amoud* at Sacy, or Column of Pillars, which name was afterwards absurdly changed into Column of Severus. On the other hand, I think it sufficiently proved that this is the Pillar of which Aphthonius* speaks, and of which he says, it bears the elements of all things—an expression which probably was not used of a pillar, but rather of the great Copper Circle, which Hipparchus mentions in the comparison of his observation of the Solstices with those of Archimedes. To this may be added, that Abd Allatif expressly says that he saw a dome or cupola upon it, (about the year 1200 of the Christian era.) May we not infer from this, that the Pillar was intended for astronomical observations, and that it stood in the centre of the magnificent square of the Serapeum, where the celebrated Library was probably kept? Whatever foundation there may be for these hypothetical conjectures, I can confidently express the great pleasure which I felt in measuring angles in the horizon of so remarkable a station, where Ptolemy, the patriarch of geography, had formerly resorted.

I was extremely surprised at finding, by experience, that the Pillar did not stand fast enough for the measurement of altitudes with an artificial horizon of quicksilver, though it was placed in a hollow, made on purpose, in the capital of the Pillar. When the two

* Aphthonius of Antioch, a sophist and orator, lived in the eleventh century, and has left some writings.—See Suidas in Aphthonio.

limbs of the sun were in contact, I perceived a slight but constant motion, which proceeded from the oscillation of the quicksilver; I was therefore obliged to make for my observations a horizon of coloured glass. On the 3d of April 1822, I found (as the result of observations, the particulars of which I pass over), the geographical latitude of the Pillar to be $31^{\circ} 9' 40''$. At the same time I observed, by a sun-dial, the variation of the magnetic needle, at the top and at the bottom of the Pillar, in which there appeared a great difference, which must proceed from some local cause.

The variation at the top was $13^{\circ} 20'$ west,
bottom, $11^{\circ} 35'$.

Difference, $1^{\circ} 45'$.

The true dimensions of this celebrated Pillar, which were taken with the greatest care on account of the various statements respecting them, are the following:

From the top to the astragal.....	ft. 10 44
From the astragal to the base.....	67 8
From the base to the ground.....	21 4

Total height..... 99 44

Circumference.

Above.....	ft. 54 2
In the middle.....	37 14
Below.....	27 71
Pedestal (square).....	14 54
Capital (square).....	11 9
Diagonal.....	16 104

We have deciphered the greatest part of the Greek Dedication of the Governor of Egypt to Diocletian; but it can as little be inferred from this, that Diocletian had any thing to do with this Pillar, as it would have been connected with France, if (as was intended) it had been solemnly dedicated to the French army, and the Directory.

(We shall next week give Baron Von Zach's Observations on Captain Smyth's letter.)

LITERATURE.

METROPOLITAN LITERARY INSTITUTION.

WE remark with satisfaction that the love of literature prevails so much as to contend successfully against every obstacle and difficulty in the way of new Establishments for the diffusion of knowledge. The Surrey Institution will shortly close, but in the prospect of this event, measures have been taken to renew and augment its useful purposes, under such encouraging auspices as to leave little doubt of a prosperous issue. In our advertising page will be found details which render it unnecessary for us to describe the means and objects of the Metropolitan Literary Institution; in which we are assured a hundred shares are already subscribed. Nor can we think this other than the just reward of an excellent plan. The time is not far gone by when the dislike of associations, which, however named, might degenerate into political clubs, hindered many estimable persons from countenancing such Institutions. Thank Heaven, that period is past; and among a people as much united in opinion as in the nature of things can be expected, there no longer exists the slightest reason for discouraging schemes like this, devised with the noble design of disseminating intelligence, enlarging the faculties and improving the judgment of the multitude, supplying instruction to the young, affording a delightful relaxation to the busy, and generally enlightening the community.

THE LIBRARY OF THE SERAGLIO.

(From M. Von Hammer's *Constantinople*.)

DESCRIBING in the first volume the interior of the Seraglio, that is to say the Palace of the Sultan, M. Von Hammer takes occasion to mention the chambers in which the Imperial treasure is kept. "In one of these vaulted halls there were still to be seen in the time of Tavernier, a number of tablets, with a portrait of Charles V., and a great many books and MSS. in different European languages, forming a part of the library which, under the reign of Soliman the Legislator, was carried away by the Turks at the taking of Ofen. Report has long confounded with these remains of the library of Matthias Corvinus, preserved in the Imperial treasury, the fragments of a library collected in the time of the Byzantine Emperors; and has thus deceived the hope of many antiquarians, though the matter is not yet perfectly cleared up, even after the result of the last researches which have been made on this subject. Three clergymen, at different epochs, have proposed, as the chief object of their visit to Constantinople, to make enquiries relative to the library of the Seraglio, without having attained their aim. They were the Abbé Sévin, Abbé Toderini, and Dr. Carlyle. The first was answered, that the books had been burnt; the second procured the catalogue of an Oriental library established in the Seraglio; the third, supported by the interest of Lord Elgin, succeeded in seeing with his own eyes the books of the Oriental library in the Seraglio, attached to the Mosque *Bostan Djami* in the garden on the side of the port. It was probable that no trace of Greek or Latin MSS. existed there; in fact he did not find any. Supposing further we do not credit the answer given to the Abbé Sévin, that the remainder of the Greek MSS. had been burnt; nor the report of the French Ambassador Girardin, that what remained of these books had been sold during his time at Pera; and admitting that there must still be in the Seraglio some remains of the library of the Greek Emperors, these would certainly not be in the library in the garden visited by Carlyle,—they would be in the library founded in the most retired part of the Harem, where, according to the formal testimony of the *Annals* of the Empire, those books were collected and deposited which were before dispersed in the Seraglio. As this passage in the Ottoman *Annals*, so important to the history of the library of the Seraglio, was not known to the three travellers whom I have just mentioned, and as from their ignorance of the language in which it is written, it was as inaccessible to them as the library itself in the interior of the Seraglio, I will give a translation of it."

M. Von Hammer here quotes a passage from the *Annals* of the Empire, in which we read "that in the year of the Hegira 1131 (A.D. 1718,) the Sultan, desiring to rescue from oblivion the innumerable precious books and beautiful MSS. collected from all quarters since the foundation of the Ottoman Empire, and obtained either as presents, or by purchase, which till then had been kept in the interior Imperial treasury, commanded a library to be erected in the interior court to receive all these books. The Turkish author points out exactly the site of the library, and describes the ceremony which took place at its inauguration."

After this quotation, M. Von Hammer proceeds: "If what has been said in this passage be strictly correct, we must give up all hope of ever finding in the library of the Seraglio any Greek MSS., since according to the express terms of the *Annals*, only such books were preserved there as were either received as presents, or purchased since the foundation of the Ottoman Empire. Yet it is not clearly proved that the books which must have been found at the taking of Constantinople are not included in it; and in this case there still remains a feeble ray of hope, of procuring from it one day some MSS., the fragments of the libraries of the Kings of Hungary, or of the Greek Emperors of Constantinople. The last library, however, had been so much reduced in the later times of the Byzantine Empire, by fire or other accidents, that even if we should allow of its utter extinction in the hands of the Ottomans, this loss need not excite very great regret. It is with this library exactly as with that at Alexandria burnt by Omar. The authentic testimony of several Arabic writers does not leave a doubt that Omar burnt the books he found at Alexandria; but before his time fire and other fatal accidents had destroyed the greater part of the famous library of the Ptolemies."

OXFORD, Feb. 15.—On Thursday last, the Rev. T. E. Bridges, B.D. Fellow and Senior Bursar of Corpus Christi College, was unanimously elected President of that Society.

On Saturday last the following Degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. Wheeler, Chaplain of Christ Church; F. Maude, Exhibitioner of Brasenose College; B. Denne Hawkins, Fellow of Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. Bonquet, Esq. C. C. C. grand compounder; T. Price, Exeter College; J. Harwood Harrison, Merton College; E. Wickham, Fellow of New College; Rev. T. W. Mercer and H. Dashwood, Trinity College; C. R. Pemberton and W. Gresley, Students of Christ Church; W. Thackeray, Exhibitioner of Brasenose College; J. Twigger, Pembroke College.

In a Convocation holden on Monday last, the degree of Doctor in Divinity by diploma, was conferred on the Rev. Reginald Heber, M.A. some time Fellow of All Souls' College, who has been recently appointed to the See of Calcutta.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 14.—At a Congregation on Friday last, the following Degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. T. Hill, of Trinity College.

Bachelor of Arts.—W. E. Evans, of Clare Hall.

The following gentlemen were on Wednesday last admitted Bachelors of Arts:

G. Jackson, of Queen's College; J. Lynham Tanner, of St. John's College; W. H. Hill, of Emmanuel College; T. Tocke, of Pembroke Hall.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THAT we have hitherto refrained from a detailed critique upon this interesting Exhibition, is owing to no indifference as to its success, nor poor opinion of its merits. On the contrary, we think highly of the latter; and in order to advance the former, shall this day, instead of remarks, print a list of the pictures which have been disposed of, in

the conviction that example is a more forcible encourager of the arts than precept.

- 8 Landscape, by J. Stark, M. M. Zachary, Esq. 17 guineas.
- 14 Cottage Children opening a Gate, J. Beadell, Charles Morgan, Esq. 13 guineas.
- 22 Landscape, F. Watts, R. Winstanley, Esq.
- 42 Royal Banquet at the Coronation, Geo. Jones, Earl of Liverpool, 500 guineas.
- 65 Chelsea Church, from Cheyne Walk, C. R. Stanley, R. Dempster, Esq. 25 guineas.
- 66 Death of the Woodcock, Edwin Landseer, Esq. 35 guineas.
- 71 A View at Stoke, Somersetshire, F. Watts, R. Winstanley, Esq.
- 78 Scenery in the County of Wicklow, W. Cowen, Earl Fitzwilliam, 60 guineas.
- 85 The Upper Lake of Killarney, W. Cowen, Earl Fitzwilliam, 60 guineas.
- 95 View on Taunton Marsh, North Devon, F. R. Ley, J. Altham, Esq. 20 guineas.
- 110 The Prodigal Son, J. Graham, Hurst, Robinson & Co. 100 guineas.
- 112 The Lake of Lugano, Wm. Cooch, Earl Fitzwilliam, 60 guineas.
- 134 A Study of two Old Men, T. S. Good, the Rev. Wm. Long, 40 guineas.
- 135 Dead Game, G. Miles, the Rev. Wm. Long, 15 guineas.
- 136 An old Castle in Fifehire, Mrs. Terry, the Countess de Grey.
- 140 View on Loch-Lomond, Mrs. Terry, the Countess de Grey.
- 141 Reading the News, T. S. Good, Henry Seymour, Esq. 40 guineas.
- 142 Courtship, T. Clater, Hurst, Robinson & Co. 30 guineas.
- 143 Peasant's Wife and Child, J. Graham, Robert Williams, Esq. M. P. 35 guineas.
- 146 Cupid, J. Jackson, R. A. T. Gorie, Esq. 50 gu.
- 149 The Wedding Morning, T. Clater, Hurst, Robinson & Co. 30 guineas.
- 150 Rebecca Unveiling, J. Graham, Col. Brodbyll, 25 guineas.
- 156 The escape of the Mouse, J. Barnett, James Goding, jun. Esq. 25 guineas.
- 160 Henry VIII. and Francis I. at a Tournament, F. P. Stephanoff, James Webster, Esq.
- 174 Market-place at Orleans, G. Jones, J. Unwin, Esq.
- 178 The Bullfinch in danger, Mrs. W. Carpenter, T. Gorie, Esq.
- 188 The New Road to Matrimony, W. Ingallons, Hurst, Esq. 40 guineas.
- 192 View of Sunning, Berks, P. Nainyth, W. H. Harrison, Esq. 25 guineas.
- 222 Morea Gracie, the wife of a Brigand Chief, Wm. Brockdon, Lord Caledon, 50 guineas.
- 227 A Hare and Wild-fowl, G. Stevens, Lady Blackett, 20 guineas.
- 232 A Study, Miss Adams, J. Sedgwick, Esq.
- 249 Belinda at her Toilette, H. Fradette, J. Fitzgerald, Esq. 100 guineas.
- 251 View on the Thames, at Hadley, P. Nainyth, 25 guineas.
- 262 The Ariet's Study, E. F. Rippergill, T. Emerson, Esq. 40 guineas.
- 263 Selling Rabbits, Wm. Kidd, H. Glazebrook, Esq. 40 guineas.
- 275 View from Lord Northwick's Villa at Harrow, Wm. Linton, Lord Northwick.
- 282 The Eager Terrier, Edwin Landseer, James Goding, jun. Esq.
- 284 Horses in a Thunder-storm, T. Woodward, W. E. Goding, Esq.
- 287 View from the Grounds of Lord Northwick's Villa, Wm. Linton, Lord Northwick.
- 293 Study of a Terrier, M. T. Ward, Lady Anderson, Short.
- 308 Waiting for the Boat, W. Ingallons, Rev. M.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

From the *Original of Alfieri*, in the *Literary Gazette*.
 Where high Sienna rears her towering pride,
 Her radiant smiles and rich adornments drest,
 A graceful dame approached, by grief oppress'd,
 With bare feet journeying from the Arno's tide.
 Soft sympathies through every bosom glide;
 At Pity's call they greet the sorrowing guest,
 Soothe the wild tumults that o'erwhelm her breast,
 And prove the courtesies that here preside. [breast,
 'Twas Courtesy that came! her steps, exiled
 From Florence, bending to the Tyber's shore,
 Slender's path her erring feet beguiled;
 And here, at length, her toilsome wanderings o'er,
 The Power benignant on her votaries smiled;
 They build her altars and her name adore.

LEANDER AND HERO.

It is a tale that many songs have told,
 And old, if tale of love can e'er be old;
 Yet dear to me this lingering o'er the fate
 Of two so young, so true, so passionate!
 And thou, the idol of my harp, the Soul
 Of poetry, to me my hope, my whole
 Happiness of existence, there will be
 Some gentlest tones that I have caught from thee!
 Will not such heart-pulse vibrate, as I tell
 Of faith even unto death unchangeable!
 LEANDER and his HERO! they should be,
 When youthful lovers talk of constancy,
 Invoked. Oh, for one breath of softest song,
 Such as on summer evenings floats along,
 To murmur low their history! every word
 That whispers of them, should be like those heard
 At moonlight casements, when th' awakened maid
 Sighs her soft answer to the serenade. . . .
 She stood beside the altar, like the Queen,
 The bright-eyed Queen that she was worshipping.
 Her hair was bound with roses, which did fling
 A perfume round, for she that morn had been
 To gather roses, that were clustering now
 Amid the shadowy curls upon her brow.
 One of the loveliest daughters of that land,
 Divinest Greece! that taught the painter's hand
 To give eternity to loveliness;
 One of those dark-eyed maids, to whom belong
 The glory and the beauty of each Song.
 Thy poets breathed, for it was theirs to bless
 With like the pencil and the lyra's dreams,
 Giving reality to visioned gleams
 Of bright divinities. Amid the crowd
 That in the presence of young HERO bowed,
 Was one who knelt with fond idolatry,
 As if in homage to some deity,
 Gazing upon her as each gaze he took
 Must be the very last—that intense look
 That none but lovers give, when they would trace
 On their hearts' tablets some adored face.
 The radiant Priestess from the temple past:
 Yet there LEANDER staid, to catch the last
 Wave of her fragrant hair, the last low fall
 Of her white feet, so light and musical;
 And then he wandered silent to a grove,
 To feed upon the full heart's ecstasy.
 The moon was sailing o'er the deep blue sky,
 Each moment shedding fuller light above,
 As the pale crimson from the west departs.
 Ah, this is just the hour for passionate hearts
 To linger over dreams of happiness,
 All of young love's delicious loveliness!
 The cypress waved upon the evening air
 Like the long tresses of a beauty's hair;
 And close beside was laurel; and the pale
 Snow blossoms of the myrtle tree, so frail
 And delicate, like woman; 'mid the shade
 Rose the white pillars of the colonnade
 Around the marble temple, where the Queen
 Of Love was worshipped, and there was seen,

Where the grove ended, the so glorious sea
 Now in its azure sleep's tranquillity.
 He saw a white veil wave,—his heart beat high:
 He heard a voice, and then a low toned sigh.
 Gently he stole amid the shading trees—
 It is his love—his HERO that he sees!
 Her hand lay motionless upon the lute,
 Which thrilled beneath the touch, her lip was mute,
 Only her eyes were speaking; dew and light
 There blended like the hyacinth, when night
 Has wept upon its bosom; she did seem
 As consciousness were lost in some sweet dream—
 That dream was love! Blushes were on her cheek,
 And what, save love, do blushes ever speak?
 Her lips were parted, as one moment more
 And then the heart would yield its hidden store.
 'Twas so at length her thought found utterance:
 Light, feeling, flashed from her awakened glance—
 She paused—then gazed on one pale star above,
 Poured to her lute the burning words of love!
 LEANDER heard his name! How more than sweet
 That moment, as he knelt at HERO's feet,
 Breathing his passion in each thrilling word,
 Only by lovers said, by lovers heard.
 That night they parted—but they met again;
 The blue sea rolled between them—but in vain!
 LEANDER had no fear—he cleft the wave—
 What is the peril fond hearts will not brave!
 Delicious were their moonlight wanderings,
 Delicious were the kind and gentle things
 Each to the other breathed; a starry sky,
 Music and flowers,—this is love's luxury:
 The measure of its happiness is full,
 When all around like it is beautiful. [roses,
 There were sweet birds to count the hours, and
 Like those which on a blushing cheek repose;
 Violets fresh as violets could be;
 Stars overhead, with each a history
 Of love told by its light; and waving trees,
 And perfumed breathings upon every breeze:
 These were beside them when they met, and day,
 Though each was from the other far away,
 Had still its pleasant memories; they might
 Think what they had forgotten the last night,
 And make the tender thing they had to say
 More warm and welcome from its short delay.
 And then their love was secret,—oh, it is
 Most exquisite to have a fount of bliss
 Sacred to us alone, no other eye
 Conscious of our enchanted mystery,
 Ourselves the sole possessors of a spell
 Giving us happiness unutterable!
 I would compare this secrecy and shade
 To that fair island, whither Love conveyed
 His Psyche, where she lived remote from all:
 Life one long, lone, and lovely festival;
 But when the charm, concealment's charm, was
 known,
 Oh then good by to love, for love was flown!
 Love's wings are all too delicate to bear
 The open gaze, the common sun and air. . . .
 There have been roses round my lute; but now
 I must forsake them for the cypress bough.
 Now is my tale of tears:—One night the sky,
 As if with passion darkened angrily,
 And gusts of wind swept o'er the troubled main
 Like hasty threats, and then were calm again:
 That night young HERO by her beacon kept
 Her silent watch, and blamed the night, and wept,
 And scarcely dared to look upon the sky:
 Yet lulling still her fond anxiety—
 With, "Surely in such a storm he cannot brave,
 If but for my sake only, wind and wave." . . .
 At length Aurora led young Day and blushed,
 In her sweet presence sea and sky were hushed;
 What is there beauty cannot charm? her power
 Is felt alike, in storm and sunshine hour; [veil
 And light and soft the breeze which waved the
 Of HERO, as she wandered, lone and pale,

Her heart sick with its terror, and her eye
 Roving in fearful dim uncertainty.
 Not long uncertain,—she marked something glide,
 Shadowy and indistinct, upon the tide—
 On rushed she in that desperate energy,
 Which only has to know, and, knowing, die—
 It was LEANDER!
 L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Feb. 12, 1823.

You will not be surprised that I have no literary news to communicate. Nothing interests but what has some immediate relation with the all-important question, La Guerre on La Paix?

The Carnival itself has not diverted, in the smallest degree, the undivided attention of the public from the vital subject; on the contrary it has occasioned a sort of irritation and peevishness, because it has opposed physical bustle and confusion to the abstractedness of political inquiries, researches, and speculations. Never was so *triste* a carnival; no balls, but those of the lowest of the people; no company at the Opera, even at reduced prices; no masques, but the yearly hirings of the police.

The only articles of literature which have appeared are in the forms of *Opinion prononcée* at the Chambers of Peers and Deputies. Among these, that of M. le Prince Talleyrand is the most read and criticised.

Among the bon-mots of the day is one attributed to Le Duc de San Lorenzo, the Spanish Ambassador. On one of his last audiences at court, he was in a salon with various other personages, and among the rest His Royal Highness the Duke d'Angoulême. His Royal Highness perceiving M. Lorenzo, very dexterously avoided a rencontre by turning his back directly on the Ambassador. Some of the company who observed the movement, made their remarks in the hearing of the representative of the Spanish Government; but His Excellency, instead of being disconcerted, said to the persons about him, "It seems that hostilities have commenced, and that the Commander-in-Chief finds himself in the presence of Spaniards, since he shows them his back so quickly."

A little Mask at the ball at the Opera, desirous of being distinguished, appeared as Cupid, the quiver on the back, the bow in his hand, and a dirty handkerchief over his eyes. He importuned attention from every body he met, and from those he pursued. "Observe me then," said he to a lady who at first did not notice him, and afterwards avoided him—"Regardez moi, regardez moi donc; je suis l'Amour." The lady, at length wearied with his attentions, exclaimed, "Cela se peut, mais assurément, tu n'es pas l'Amour-propre."

M. Chazet, censeur dramatique, et auteur d'une malheureuse fécondité, walking the other day in the Palais Royal, attracted attention by a large roll of manuscripts projecting from his pocket. A promenade, more bold than the rest, offered to advise the Censeur of his danger, and stepping up to him, said in a loud voice, "Ah, Monsieur! if one did not know you, you would be robbed"—*si l'on ne vous connaissait pas, vous volerait.*

A French traveller, returned from Switzerland, relates, that in a little town near Lausanne he lodged at a very humble inn, and made only a frugal meal; but when the moment arrived for payment, his host demanded

twelve francs. "Twelve francs!" exclaimed the traveller—"Is there no justice in this country?"—"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur, il y a de la justice," replied the Innkeeper with Swiss phlegm—"Eh! bien, je cours chez le magistrat." The traveller set out for the Commune, where he was obliged to wait a considerable time. At length he was introduced into the hall, but imagine his surprise, when he found that his landlord was to be his judge! "You have some complaint to make, Sir, I believe?" said l'onbergiste magistrat. "Yes, Sir."—"Well, Sir, what have you to say?"—"Eh parbleu! you know best—take your bill and judge yourself."—"You are right," said the sort of burgomaster—"je condamne l'onbergiste à ne recevoir que six francs; il faut que chacun fasse son état dans ce monde."

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—It is Rossini's boast that he has composed fifty operas: we are satisfied that of the fifty he has never composed a duller one than *La Donna del Lago*, which was performed, for the first time in England, on Tuesday last. The story follows the poem of the *Lady of the Lake*; and we should have thought that the spirit, variety and beauty of Sir Walter's Muse must have resisted the most determined dilution. But the Italian arranger of the romance has contrived to extinguish its whole animation, and give us, for the brilliant conceptions of the Scotch minstrel, the most insipid *fadales* of the foreign theatre. James V. Douglas, Malcolm, Rhoderic Dhu and Ellen, are respectively played by Curioni, Porto, Madame Vestris, Reina, and Madame de Begnis. The company are strong enough for the general class of opera, but no strength of theirs could uphold *La Donna del Lago*. Some of its songs were applauded, and it had one or two striking choruses; but all the rest was flat, stale and unprofitable. Credit is due to the Managers for the scenery and dresses, which were, in general, new and striking. But they have reason to complain not a little of the judgment on which they relied for the choice of the opera.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday, not having had the pleasure of witnessing its representation on the preceding Saturday, we visited Drury Lane to see the new farce of *Deaf as a Post*, which, from the discrepancies between the Newspapers and Playbills, seemed to us to be acting at the same time before and behind the curtain. The critics unanimously declared that the piece was stupid, and had been vehemently condemned; while the Manager, deaf as a post to the overwhelming hisses of Saturday, asserted, in Monday's announcements, that it had been favourably received by the majority of the audience, and gave it out for a whole week's repetitions. Well, on Monday we were able to ascertain on which side the truth lay, and about midnight, such the reward of our attention, should not have cared if we had not only been deaf as a post but blind also for the five hours preceding that period, when there were other yawners besides Churchyards. We were prepared for the farce by Kean's walking through Richard III. in a manner so utterly negligent and disrespectful, that it was astonishing how it raised our opinion of the patience of the British Public. The recklessness, too, which it evinced in the actor of any thing like vain-glory, an ambition for personal reputation or theatrical fame, gave us an elevated notion of

his independence and spirit; and we were sorry to observe that this escaped general notice, instead of eliciting the applause which it ought to have done from an enlightened audience. *Deaf as a Post* is, we believe, taken from *Le Sord*, of Parisian notoriety, the original idea of which was suggested by our own *Deaf Lover*. The jest lies in Charles or Edward, or some young gentleman with a name of that sort, (Mr. Cooper,) pretending to be deaf, in order to obtain access to his mistress (Miss Cubitt,) and disappointing the hopes of a sordid suitor (Liston,) favoured by her uncle (Gattie,) to whom she in reality bears so strong a family resemblance as to render this part of the illusion perfect. A prattling Chambermaid (the pretty Orger,) and two or three expletives, fill up the line. The onus lies upon Liston, but the part is so repulsively vulgar as hardly to afford a chance of being made ludicrous, and far less of sustaining a whole entertainment. There is, however, some practical fun in a supper scene, which raises a laugh, and enables quietly-disposed people to endure the preceding and succeeding dullness. Altogether, *Deaf as a Post* is a very so-so Farce.

On Tuesday, *Artaxerxes* was performed very tamely, and, with all the operative force at this House, was as little effective as could be imagined. Miss Stephens' Mandane did not obtain the honours accorded to Miss Cubitt's Artaxerxes: and her obvious falling off from transplantation is really as remarkable as that of a plant of a different climate would be natural. We are quite at a loss to account for it.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Tuesday, a concord having been effected, Miss Tree and Miss Paton consented to please the public by appearing in the same play,—*The Comedy of Errors*, with one error beyond the number conceived by Shakespeare, to wit, that of converting it into an Opera, and an Opera to be measured, like Journeys in the east, by (three) hours' lengths. With this deduction it must be confessed that the music is a great treat. Miss Paton, as Adriana, sang enchantingly. Her "Willow" from *Othello*, and "Come live with me and be my love," were very sweet; but surpassed herself in "Lo! here the gentle Lark," from *Venus and Adonis*. The power displayed in this difficult song, the finish, and the style altogether, were most admirable. The duet, "Tell me where is Fancy bred," with Miss Tree, was also beautifully executed. The latter lady performs Luciana charmingly; her arch and playful manner renders her the best actress (of a singer) upon the stage; and her fine pipe was listened to with delight in the several songs assigned to the part, as a fair counterpoise to those of Adriana. The glees and concerted pieces were very pleasing, though, in the early acts, we missed a bass exceedingly to the united melody of Durnest, Taylor, and Pyne. Toward the end Tinney appeared, and Isaac's name stood in the bill. The twin principals were amusingly acted: the two Antipholises engaged Jones and Durnest; and the two Dromios, Farren and Blanchard, both highly comic and (rare occurrence) adequate representatives of Shakespeare's characters.

To the Opera succeeded a new Farce by Mr. Peake, called *The Duel, or My Two Nephews*. It possesses more stamina than we have lately been accustomed to in things of its class, and very humorously endeavours to contrast ancient and modern manners, in developing the farcical incidents of many mistakes and mis-

understandings. Sir Roger Oldcourt (Farren,) a friend of the accomplished Lord Chesterfield, of the old school, and ignorant of London for forty or fifty years, has two nephews, Augustus Buoyant (Jones,) a blood of 1823, addicted to the Fancy and other gentlemanlike fashions, and Henry Buoyant (Baker,) a naval lieutenant, the favoured lover of Miss Seymour (Love,) Sir Roger's relative and ward. The Nephews visit Oldcourt Hall under peculiar circumstances; Augustus, escaping from debts and duns with O'Mauley, a bruiser (Connor,) as his associate, and Henry from a duel, in which he is supposed to have mortally wounded his adversary, with the ship's surgeon (Chapman,) as his companion. Augustus, as a disguise, assumes his brother's uniform, and passes off O'Mauley as the Surgeon; while the Lieutenant and his associate appear in plain clothes. The arrival of the Fancy gentry, with a fox in a basket for hunting, bull-dogs, and an impudent servant of their own caste (Skylark—Yates) leads to a series of amusing equivoques at Oldcourt Hall, the refined owner of which imputes all the slang and blackguardism of his guests to the brutality of the sea-service. Farren has admirably identified the character of Sir Roger; the politeness, delicacy, and finesse of a Chesterfieldian could not be better; and the perfect *Roué*ism of Jones, and vulgarity of O'Mauley, excellently played by Connor in one of the rough white great coats, (the present fashionable covering of so many senseless apes,) form a capital contrast to the ancient Exquisite. Silverhead (Blanchard,) an aged butler, is in like manner opposed to Skylark with good effect; and a Tailor and Bailiff, in pursuit of the London fugitives, introduce a whimsical variety in Keeley and Atkins. In the end the Lieutenant marries the maiden. The materials of this Farce are almost sufficient for a modern Comedy;—the characters are well drawn, and there are many fair hits in the dialogue, as well as humour in the situations. We have no doubt it will have a run, as it deserves, both from its own merits and the great strength of its cast.

ORATORIOS.—On Friday and Wednesday, Mr. Bochsá gave Oratorios alternately at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The selection at the first, procured a crowded audience, and went off, in the stage phrase, with eclat. Not so the last. *The Lady of the Lake* was advertised as the second part—the music of Rossini, to which the English words of Sir Walter Scott's poem have been adapted by Mr. Bochsá. But unluckily Miss Tree, on whom a chief part fell, had become ill since the preceding evening; and, without an apology, the managers were in consequence substituting the *Creation* for the *Lady of the Lake*, when a loud explosion of displeasure ensued. To be taken all the way back to the *Creation* with so little ceremony, was more than John Bull could endure, and he began bellowing for the manager accordingly. Excuses, half French half English, were offered, but it must be said that the whole business was very unsatisfactory. As for Rossini's *Donna del Lago*, it will be seen by our notice of the King's Theatre, that its loss was no great loss. Indeed we do not think Rossini will ever be a popular composer in this country. Very little of his, which we have heard, affects the mind; he tickles the ear, but he touches not the heart; and no music was ever relished in England which was destitute of the latter property.

VARIETIES.

A Catalogue has been published at Leipzig, of the Books which appeared at the fair of Leipzig and Frankfurt, in September last. There were in all 1420 works, besides 37 Plans of Battles, 13 pieces of Music, 68 Romances, and 36 Theatrical Pieces; making a grand total of 1593. Of all the Sciences, Philology was that which seemed to have made the greatest advances. It was enriched with numerous dissertations and excellent editions; and Sanscrit literature had evidently been much attended to. The most fertile of foreign authors was indisputably Sir Walter Scott. Among the Germans, M. le Doyen Bauer surpassed all others in activity.

Mr. William Daniell, we are informed, is preparing for publication the seventh volume of his Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain, which will comprise the range of coast from the Nore to Weymouth. In the course of the ensuing summer he purposes to continue his survey from that place to the Land's End, where, in 1813, he commenced his undertaking. The eighth volume, therefore, will complete the work.

We understand that "Thomas Brown the younger," will publish, early in April, "Fables for the Holy Alliance," with other Poems, &c. &c.

Mr. Meyer has nearly ready for publication an engraving, in the line and chalk manner, from the clever painting, by Kidd, of the "Stolen Kiss."

A *Panorama of London*, or picture of British Manners in 1822, has been published at Paris by M. Arctien, the translator of some of Lord Byron's works.

Italian Opera.—We have heard much this season of the Italian Opera and musical contentions elsewhere. The following, translated from a Paris Journal, will show that our Managers in London have companions in difficulties:

"The situation of the Théâtre Italien is such as to call for the most serious attention of the managers. After several years' prosperity, it is at the present moment threatened with a fatal check. Madlle. Naldi's health requires great care. The efforts which she made in order not to delay the representation of *Garcia*, have retarded her recovery. Madlle. Chini is suffering from an inflammation of the lungs, and can but rarely perform. Thus the whole weight is thrown upon Madame Pasta. And yet, with the greatest good-will in the world, it is not possible for her to perform such fatiguing characters as *Roméo*, *Tancrède*, and *Médée*, three times a week. Why not, under these circumstances, allow two young persons, who have offered themselves, to make their debuts? Why not think of recalling Madame Fodor? who could with the greatest ease return to the Théâtre Italien, because there cannot exist any rivalry between her and Madame Pasta, their talents being not at all of the same description."

Journal des Savans, Jan. 1823. — 1. H. Murray, Discoveries, &c. in Asia; reviewed by M. Abel Remusat. — 2. *Cher de Bicet*, *Memoire sur le Mécanisme*; by M. Brinchou. — 3. *Uylenbroek, Specimen Geographico-historicæ*, &c. &c. ex MSS. Arabica Bibliothecæ Lugduno-Batavæ petiti; by Silvestre de Sacy. — 4. *Lord Byron, Cain*; by M. Vanderbourg. — 5. *Las Cases, Geyrre*, &c.; by M. Raynouard. — 6. *Mougez, L'art du Monnoyage chez les anciens*, et chez les modernes; and 7. M. Abot de Bazinghen, *Recherche historique concernant la Ville de Boulogne-sur-Mer*; by M. Daupou.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Memoirs of the late Charles Alfred Stothard, F.R.S., by his Widow, 8vo. 12s. 6d. — *The Linnæan System of Conchology*, by John Mawe, 8vo. 11. 1s. plain, 2s. 12s. 6d. coloured. — *Conversations on Botany*, 4th edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d. plain, 10s. 6d. coloured. — *A Manual of Anatomy*, by John Shaw, 8d. edit. in 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. — *Aristotle's Treatise on Rhetoric*, with Notes, by a Graduate of the University, 8vo. 12s. — *Vallia Vale*, and other Poems, by the author of the Juvenile Poetical Miscellany, post 8vo. 2s. — *Dwight's Travels in America*, 4 vols. 8vo. 9s. 2s. — *Flecher's Sermons to Children*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. — *Edwin's Christian Theology*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. — *Gwenlean*, a novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d. — *Barker's Letter to Hughes on the Greeks*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. — *Albinus's Plates of the Muscles*, 12mo. 4s. — *Cheesden's and Albinus's Plates of the Muscles together*, 12mo. 7s. — *Pohlman's Interest Tables*, 8vo. 12s. — *Walton's Angler*, with Plates, 12mo. 18s. 8vo. 36s. — *Las Cases' Journal*, Paris 3 & 4, 31s. English, 18s. French.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

	FEBRUARY.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ...	13	from 32 to 43	29.56 to 29.49
Friday ...	14	from 36 to 43	29.30 to 29.48
Saturday ...	15	from 31 to 38	29.60 to 29.98
Sunday ...	16	from 31 to 39	30.02 to 30.15
Monday ...	17	from 31 to 36	30.05 to 29.92
Tuesday ...	18	from 31 to 40	29.54 to 29.20
Wednesday ...	19	from 31 to 34	30.06 to 29.48

The wind very changeable during the week, with cloudy weather. — Rain fallen, .675 of an inch. *Edmonton.* JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to say that an accident has prevented our inserting a Report of Dr. Roget's second Lecture till next week.

C. on the obtaining of Bodies for Dissection, if possible, in our next.

S. H. by referring to our last Number, will see that he is not W. H.

We have no recollection of any letter from C. K.—y of Manchester, previous to the 10th; and submit to him, that no Volunteer is right in putting us to the expense of inquiry.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Miss F. H. Kelly.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, published on the 1st of this Month, contains an admirable Portrait of Miss Kelly, the celebrated Actress of Covent Garden Theatre. — Among other interesting articles are: — A Sketch of the Public Character of Mr. O'Connell; the long expected "Epistles of Mary, Queen of Scots," by Mrs. Ope; "Sketches of popular Preachers," viz. the Dean of Rochester, Rev. G. Mathew, Rev. E. Repton, and the Rev. J. A. Bushfield. Intelligence relative to the Fine Arts, Review of Foreign and English Books, &c. &c. — To be had of Lupton Kelle, 13, Cornhill; and through all the Booksellers. Price 2s. — N.B. The European Magazine, to be published on the 1st of next Month, will contain an admirably engraved Plate of the "Sleeping Infants," by Francis Chantrey, Esq. R.A.

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Mr. Jamieson has supplied a grand desideratum in our system of instruction, and furnished a book which ought to be in the hands of every young person; it is no less valuable for the manner than the matter; the compilation of such a mass of curious information, drawn from such various and remote sources, must have required great labour, and the luminous order in which he has developed the result of his extensive reading is highly creditable to his judgment and taste.

Monthly Censor, July 1822.

METROPOLITAN LITERARY INSTITUTION.

York Hotel, New Bridge-street, Feb. 17, 1823.

AT A MEETING OF GENTLEMEN held this Day for the Formation of a NEW LITERARY INSTITUTION, in the centre of the Metropolis.

Thomas Saunders, Esq. in the Chair.

It was Resolved, That (in consequence of the Managers of the Surrey Institution having objected to the Proprietors, that their efforts have failed to organize a New Institution on the site of the old one) it is extremely desirable that a Literary Institution should be established in a central district of the Metropolis, and that some spot in or near New Bridge Street will be an eligible situation for the same. — That, therefore, a new Institution be formed, consisting of, about 200 Shareholders; that the price of each Share be Twelve Guineas, and the Annual Subscription for each Share Three Guineas, with an option to compound for the Annual Subscription by the payment of once of a certain sum.

That a deposit of Two Guineas be paid for each Share at the time of subscribing; the remaining Sum of Ten Guineas, and the first Annual Subscription, to be paid on the 1st day of May next.

That the objects of the Society be limited at present to a News Room; a Reading Room, to contain the Periodical Publications and New Books; a Conversation Room; a Library of Circulation, and a Library of Reference. — That this Society be called the *Metropolitan Literary Institution*.

That Sir Charles Price, Bart. be the Treasurer; and that the Hon. Mr. Jennings, and the Hon. Mr. Secretary of this Society, JAMES JENNINGS, Esq. Sec.

Subscriptions will be received by the Honorary Secretary, and also at the following Bankers: — Messrs. Pares, Heygate, & Co. New Bridge-street; Messrs. Hoare, and Messrs. Fines & Co. Fleet-street; Messrs. Marryat, Kaye, Price, & Co. Mansion House-street; Messrs. Dixon & Sons, Chancery-lane; Messrs. Perring, Shaw, & Co. Cornhill.

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See also the Gentleman's Magazine, Literary Chronicle, &c. &c. — Also, by the same Author.

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Gent. Mag. 1823.
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IMPERIAL MAGAZINE will be published this day week, with an elegant Portrait of Dr. Jenner; and a Memoir of the late Dr. Hutton, from the pen of Dr. Gregory, Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.—No. 52, of the same publication (to appear April 1.) will contain a correct Likeness of Dr. Hutton, and a Memoir of the celebrated Dr. Jenner, by John Watkins, LL. D. 3s. Newgate-street, Feb. 42.

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